THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* B. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 27, 1902 — 5c the Copy

RECOLLECTIONS OF M. de BLOWITZ

THE VENGEANCE OF VENUS

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

Investigation means Investment

by you in the

ORO HONDO EXTENSION

of the

GREAT HOMESTAKE LEDGE

At Lead, South Dakota

The Original Investors' accumulated profits are the largest. The great fortunes that have been made in mines and the large profits on Mining Stock by individual holders have been made by those who went in at the beginning, and stayed in until the value of their holdings increased many hundred per cent.

The Homestake

has never missed a monthly dividend in twenty-five years, and has ore blocked out now sufficient to run crushing and cyanide plants night and day for thirty-five years.

Stock sold for $2.00. Now $115.00

ORO HONDO

adjoins Homestake property and extends two miles on same ledge, which is 456 feet wide

The indications are that it is as great a property as the Homestake.

The Burlington and Missouri River Railroad passes directly over the property, and is within two hundred feet of the main shaft. The railroad has put in a side track at this point.

With full knowledge of all economical business methods, and with an ore body so extensive that it is practically unlimited, the managers of the Oro Hondo Mining Co. are simply manufacturers on an enormous scale, with a positively certain market for their product. Mining on purely scientific principles is the surest business in the world. The farmer may have bad crops, the manufacturer over-production, the business man depression of trade, but the world always buys gold at a fixed price.

An investment now at the opening price promises to largely increase in value in a very short time

We earnestly urge that you act at once in buying this stock. The price to-day is 50c. a share (par $1.00) but the price will be advanced from time to time as the development work progresses. The stock we offer is full-paid, non-assessable treasury issue, and is sold for the purpose of developing the property. The fullest particulars will be furnished gladly to every person interested in the property.

We stand back of every statement we make, and particularly request that our correspondents ask for specific information on any point not perfectly clear. Send for book, mailed free, containing valuable and interesting information on "Reduction of Gold Ores," and illustrated prospectus of the Oro Hondo.

The stock will be listed on the leading mining exchanges.

If a number of prospective investors desire to visit the property and verify the conditions existing, as stated in our advertisement, we shall be willing and pleased to personally conduct such a party with THEIR OWN expert at our expense. No inconvenience whatsoever would attend such a trip. The finest Pullman accommodations will be provided to within one thousand yards of the main shaft in the city of Lead in sixty hours from New York or Philadelphia, and thirty-six hours from Chicago or St. Louis.

The Oro Hondo Mining Co. refers to First National Bank, Denver, Col.; First National Bank, Lead, So. Dakota; Western Bank, Denver, Col.

REGISTRARS OF STOCK—International Trust Co., Denver, Col.

Address all communications and make all checks payable to the Fiscal Agents,

WILLIAM A. MEARS & CO.,

Broad Exchange Building, New York City

1001 Union Trust Building, Cincinnati, O.
36 Ballerstein Bldg., Hartford, Conn.
25 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

615 Bank of Commerce Building, Minneapolis, Minn.
Laclede Investment Co., St. Louis, Mo.
16 and 17 Hutchison Block, Altoona, Pa.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Copyright, 1902, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902 — NUMBER 13

Recollections of M. de Blowitz

The Vengeance of Venus

Copyright, 1902, by Henri de Blowitz. Copyright in Great Britain. All rights reserved. Republication of this article either wholly or in part is forbidden. Reproduction en France interdite. Wiedergabe in Deutschland verboten.

IT ALL happened at the beginning of the winter of 1881. Mr. Beckman, the Paris correspondent of the Berlin *National Zeitung*, who was living then in the Rue Châteaudun, invited me to dinner at his house. Mr. Beckman, who was an amiable, active, boisterous, but kindly person, held then, and, in fact, until the end of his life, a position in Paris that was not altogether an easy one. Before the war of 1870 he had enjoyed the most familiar and sympathetic relations with Frenchmen. He wrote in *Le Temps*, then one of the most authoritative of French journals, and one of the papers most dreaded by the Empire. In the editorial rooms of this journal, amidst writers all of whom were advancing with firm and sonorous step along the path of Liberalism, Beckman counted only friends. All these writers, who were waging so incessantly a courteous but energetic battle against the Empire, listened deferentially to Beckman and frankly shared their views with him; in fact, they opened their hearts to him. But almost suddenly the war broke out and Beckman quitted France.

It was well understood that he would not remain in Paris, but it was thought that, receiving thus painful blows from two opposite quarters at once, he would withdraw into some neutral country. It appears that he did not do this, and when, after peace was concluded, he returned to France and resumed his duties as correspondent, at the same time accepting the position of reader of French newspapers at the German Embassy, French houses shut their doors to him, and he never succeeded in getting them open to him again. As, however, I was under no obligations to mix in this quarrel, and as Beckman was a kindly and serviceable colleague, a common friend brought us together, and a short time afterward Beckman asked me to dinner and came personally to see me to insist on my presence.

At the day appointed I turned up at his house. The drawing-room filled rapidly with guests, almost all conspicuous members of the foreign colonies in Paris. The dinner hour was already some moments gone. Beckman had chosen for the ladies their various partners, and I myself had been somewhat surprised to note that I seemed to have been forgotten, when, coming up to me, he said: "We are waiting for a lady who is not the least charming of my guests, the Princess Kralta, and it is you who are to take her in to dinner."

A few moments later the door opened, there was a flutter of surprise, and I beheld, her lips wearing a smile of the most gracious charm, while she excused herself with harmonious voice for her delay, a lady, whose exquisite elegance, whose complete ease, whose remarkable suppleness of bearing, whose beauty, in a word, compelled general attention. Beckman led me up to her and introduced me as her partner for the evening. Soon afterward the dining-room doors were flung open and we took our places. When the *brouhaha* attendant on the seating of a score of guests had somewhat subsided, the boisterous voice of our Amphitryon rang out joyously: "Ladies and Gentlemen, let whoever is not content with his neighbor put up his hand."

Gravely the lady at Beckman's right raised hers, and the burst of laughter that ensued fixed the tone of general gayety of a dinner that was very joyous and lively.

The Princess Kralta rapidly bent over toward me. Her large blue eyes, which lighted up one of the most enticing faces that I have ever seen were levelled at me coquettishly, and tossing slightly the silken curls of her light chestnut hair, she said with a smile which revealed the brilliancy of her little teeth:

"I don't know whether you are inclined to put your hand up, but as for me I won't conceal from you the fact that I at least shall do nothing of the sort, for I am charmed with my neighbor, and you will not be made too vain by this confession when I shall have told you why. I won't conceal from you that I am just back from Berlin and that the Prince (Prince Bismarck) on bidding me good-by said to me: 'If you go to Paris, look up M. de Blowitz, if you don't know him. There has been a very violent discussion in the papers between him and me. I let the papers attack him violently. It was *à propos* of a speech on Gortschakoff, which he attributed to me during the Berlin Congress. I fancy he somewhat embellished this speech, but it is quite true that I did deliver it substantially as he gave it: this is why I accused him indirectly of mixing up truth and fiction. However, I bear him no grudge, he exercises his profession as well as he can, and he does so not altogether indifferently; so if you have the opportunity, try to meet him. He is well acquainted with the world of Paris and he is an excellent guide."

The Princess added: "I felt I need not hide this circumstance from you for it dispenses us from long preliminaries, and if you want me to give you a speedy proof of the simple way that I enter into relations with you, I will tell you this: although it is now some time since the Congress the curiosity of the Prince is still very keen as to how you got hold in advance of the treaty of Berlin. He can't explain it, but considers it natural that you should have tried to get it, and he assured me that the fact rather amused him than otherwise, for, in one way or another, eventually he was sure of getting at the truth. What he chiefly has at heart is that you, by a combination that was very simple, should have prevented him from communicating the treaty as a gracious act first to the German press for the patriotically hospitable way in which that press received the members of the Congress in the capital of the new German Empire. And I—I tell you frankly, because I am eager to win your confidence, and perhaps later your friendship—I told him I would try to obtain the secret from you, since he appears to be so keen for it, adding that it could not be one of those secrets that resist forever the firm will of a woman that knows how to show herself worthy of the confidence she solicits."

I laughed, and said that it really was a charming way of making an acquaintance when so charming a woman as she showed so clearly at what price her friendship could be won. And it can easily be imagined how, after these preliminaries, the dinner was continued, a dinner the memory of which remains still vivid and precise now after twenty years have flown.

I have not the slightest recollection as to who the other guests were, nor as to the talk that went on. But what I do recall vividly is the harmonious voice of my neighbor, her animation, and the *spirituel* charm with which she related anecdotes and souvenirs about her life at Berlin, which had been one long *fête*, and where she had had access to the most select circles. As I was obliged to quit the company immediately after dinner in order to work, I avoided the smoking-room, and bade good-by to my radiant neighbor, who said to me, "I hope very much that you will come to see me, not so much on my day, but in general and whenever you like, and find me at home."

After such an opening the reader will understand that our relations were not to end there.

Five or six days later I called on her at her very attractive home in the *Arc de Triomphe* quarter. She received me with a grace that had a touch of familiarity, showing that she had cherished a pleasant souvenir of her visitor; and some time afterward, I not having yet met her husband, she wrote to invite me to dinner, and added that she should be charmed at this opportunity of bringing us together.

When I entered her drawing-room on the evening of this dinner I was struck by the somewhat parti-colored aspect of the company. Not only did it smack of varied nationalities, but there was as well a curious mingling of really great names of vanished French régimes and of eminent personalities of the existing one. With these there was a discreet infusion of Germans, for the dinner was a sort of birthday banquet, although I did not know it at the time, and the initiated had filled the house with a profusion of flowers, whose odor saturated the air, and whose warm colors, under the brilliant light which played over the elegant *toilettes* and glistened from the precious stones, formed for the mistress of the house a sumptuous and radiant frame. The presentation to the host was made with the utmost good breeding, but with a studied negligence, making it as it were a secondary incident.

After dinner the Princess asked me what was my wife's day, and begged me to say that she intended to call. As during the entire evening she had been much absorbed by her duties as hostess, she said to me as I bade her "good-by," in order to take my leave:

"I know that you are never a late stayer, but I hope to see you one of these days to resume our conversation, for I warn you that I still cling to my idea, and to the prospect of wresting your secret from you, which I desire all the more as it is in order to give pleasure to the person you know."

I called upon her, indeed, but the conversation assumed a joking turn, and I left without the Princess being able to touch what she called the great problem of her *coquetterie*.

"YOU SEE I HAVE NEVERTHELESS ENDED BY TAKING MY REVENGE"

I CLOSELY SCRUTINIZED THE MIRROR

She came to see my wife, and I returned her politeness by inviting her and her husband to a grand dinner at my house. I inaugurated on this occasion a fashion which pleased her and which, shortly afterward, was widely imitated in Parisian society. I had installed two discreet bands of music which played gently and alternately in two small rooms at either end of the table, so that the conversation continued, as it were, on the embroidery of a double musical accompaniment which filled the room without compromising the talk. The Princess, charmed with this idea, lost no time in adopting it. She soon asked us to dinner, but I was alone at her table, for my wife, who was often ill, had to send her excuses. I was in no way surprised on sitting down to hear the voice of stringed instruments scattering its harmony over us, while in the gallery, a little removed, a Spanish orchestra, with its precipitate rhythms, played in succession the characteristic dances and the Arab songs which the Gitanas of the Albaicin sing in the streets of Granada.

This dinner had a character of its own the like of which it would not have been easy to find in any other Paris drawing-room. There were but few ladies present, merely some of our hostess' most intimate friends, but the men offered the greatest interest to a man in my position. It was, in fact, the entire German Embassy, with its great and illustrious chief, Prince Hohenlohe, at the head. The Berlin Congress had considerably tempered the relations between France and Germany. Prince Bismarck had been full of attention and deference for the representatives of France. He had much insisted at the Congress on the matter of settling the question of the Roumanian Jews, and that of Greece which M. Waddington had so much at heart. He had never lost an opportunity to support the views of the French plenipotentiary; he consulted them openly; he manifested particular attention for the Comte de St. Vallier, and he had obtained that the writing of the protocols should be intrusted to the exceptional pen of M. Desprès, director at the French Foreign Office, and third French plenipotentiary at the Berlin Congress. Prince Hohenlohe himself was looked upon as an ambassador of peace and conciliation. All his efforts and the efforts of those under him were directed to smoothing over the relations between France and its former conqueror, and his exceptional associates, among whom was the young secretary, Count Von Bülow, now imperial chancellor, seconded his efforts with a superior intelligence.

The Persistency of the Princess

Finding myself in the Princess' drawing-room in the midst of such a company I understood that it was the spirit and good will of Prince Bismarck that accumulated such elements as these in a Paris salon, and I own to experiencing a certain apprehension, for I felt that all here were of one mind, and I gathered that the mistress of the household herself was acting under the individual and collective influence of these incomparable strategists, by whom she delighted in surrounding herself.

It was toward the beginning of the summer season of 1881. The Princess was preparing for her round of watering-places. My own *congé* was approaching, and I resolved on this particular evening to interrupt for a little my relations with a woman whose actions I dreaded, and who, as I saw full well during the evening, had in nowise given up her idea of discovering the secret she was bent on obtaining from me. I felt that the whole official world about took an amused delight in seconding her efforts, and I on my part put all my *amour propre* at work not to succumb in the odd battle in which we had been engaged.

I saw the Princess only very hastily before my departure, and I learned during the autumn season that she was ill and would remain invisible for some time. The year 1882 was for me an extraordinarily absorbing one. M. Jules Grévy had called Gambetta to the Prime Ministry of France. France and England, entangled in the Condominium of Egypt, were on the eve of a divergence which was to be lasting. The Gambetta Cabinet fell and was succeeded by that of M. de Freycinet, which fell in its turn before the double assault of Gambetta and M. Clemenceau. England entered Egypt, and during the whole year this occupation was the cause of so much political excitement that matters alone concerned with these events remained fixed in my memory. Now and then, in some French or foreign salon, I met the Princess, now recovered from her illness; but her chestnut hair had turned golden, and the change had so transformed her that you felt yourself in the presence of a woman with a fresh and new charm.

But the chances of renewing our intimacy became more and more remote. I began to forget her, when toward the middle of 1883 I received from her an urgent invitation to luncheon at her new hotel in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

To my great surprise and contrary to her custom, her mother alone, an Oriental flower now somewhat drooping, whose languishing eyes gave the keynote to her daughter's beauty, was present at the luncheon. During the meal the Princess, who had acquired added graces, and whose experience of the world, of men and things, seemed to have increased since I had last seen her, displayed a wealth of memories, of fineness of observation, and a resource in anecdotic chatter which held me ravished and made the hour seem early when, nevertheless, I found myself obliged to quit her.

"I shall write to you to-morrow," she said, "to ask you to come and see me, and I will then relate to you a page of my most recent history, which, I am sure, will hold its own among contemporary mysteries which you may know." Her mother at these words looked up hastily: "But, Christine," said she, "you promised me to say nothing about that." "In the first place," retorted the Princess somewhat vivaciously, "when I told you about it you made no such objection, and secondly, I mean to tell it to him in order to show him what an exception I make in his case."

On the morrow, in fact, I received a single word: "Come to see me the day after to-morrow at four o'clock."

I have already spoken summarily of the first portion of what remains of this history. I did so lest I carry away with me the tale of a strange event which I am now going to recount fresh, but this time with details that have never been published.

A Chapter—of the Haute Intrigue

On the day and at the hour indicated I went to the house in the Avenue du Bois. The butler who was waiting in the antechamber had, I believe, received his orders. He ushered me into the second drawing-room where the Princess was wont to receive her unofficial visitors. Although it was still long before nightfall both drawing-rooms were hermetically closed. The sconces in the large drawing-room were lighted and shed only a vague radiance across the lofty and spacious apartment. The smaller salon was lighted as well, somewhat less vaguely, by an immense and lofty candelabrum standing on an elegant table in front of a sofa, the back of which, a fine piece of sculpture, was placed up against a mirror which reached to the ceiling. The butler asked me to take an armchair, announcing the immediate arrival of the Princess. She entered. In the deep silence that reigned I had already heard the special sound made, as she walks, by the mysterious step of a lady advancing over a heavy carpet, amidst the vague noise of the silken robes that envelop her. It was the Princess, and I beheld her traversing the bright passage lighted by the sconces in the outer salon, half disappear in the obscurity that filled the main portion of the salon, and emerge again like a rapid vision at the entrance of the smaller drawing-room. I felt impressively the imperiousness which attended all her movements and her person, and I had literally almost forgotten her promise to relate to me her adventure, when she bade me take a seat near her on the sofa between the high candlesticks and the immense mirror in which the light was reflected.

"And now," said she, "let me tell you the story of which I spoke to you three days ago. It will prove to you that I regard you henceforth as a friend to whom one may confide one's most intimate thoughts without risk. I have just rendered, I believe, to the peace of the world a real service, and have not feared to expose myself to a real danger in order to show him who asked this service of me how devoted I was to him. Some weeks ago I chanced to be at a watering-place with the great German Emperor. One morning he sent for me. When I arrived he rose hastily, came up to me, and stooping over until his face was almost on a level with mine he said: 'I have a great service to ask of you, for myself, for my country and for Europe. For some time the letters, telegrams and reports of the Prince have troubled me. They betray the anxiety and the irritation of a man in a state of nerves. He complains of everybody. He has grudges against Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, France, England and Russia. He speaks bitterly of all these countries and appears to suspect them of hostility toward us. He accuses them of creating difficulties and, with the exception of Austria-Hungary and Italy, fancies that the rest of Europe is ready to pick a quarrel with us. I am really afraid that one of these fine days he may draw down upon us from one of these countries a reply which might put us into the alternative of imposing our will on them or of submitting ours to theirs. In my opinion he is at one of those moments of pathologic boredom to which now and then he is subject, and which, when it occurs, really makes him disquieting. He must be offered a diversion as soon as possible; he is alone on his great property, given over to his thoughts, having about him a certain number of subalterns who always agree with him, thinking to flatter him by approving all he says and by exaggeration of his thought. I asked you to come here, not to order you, but to beg you instantly to do something which will restore to me the repose I need and which the Prince's attitude demands.'"

Bismarck and the Chiffonnaise Coquette

"'Sire,' I replied, 'I am ready to do whatever Your Majesty asks and that unhesitatingly.'

"'I thank you,' he replied, 'and I shall always be deeply grateful to you. . . . Return home, then, without saying you have seen me; within a half-hour I shall send for your husband and bid him to go to Berlin with a message from me and to wait there without quitting the town for the reply. He will start this afternoon by the first train. Directly afterward you will prepare as small a quantity of baggage as possible in order to spend a week away from home. You will have your baggage taken to the station where a man who will have received orders will arrange for its ultimate delivery without being checked. This same person will meet you at a neighboring station whither you will be driven accompanied by your *femme de confiance* and where he will install you in a reserved compartment. You will go to the Prince and on the eve of your return you will send off the following telegram. You will come back here and in the evening your husband will return from his mission. Go, and accept my thanks.'

"Everything occurred exactly as arranged by the Emperor. The Prince, whom I had informed of my arrival a few hours beforehand, received me somewhat roughly, the first thing he said being: 'Was it the Emperor who sent you?' 'No,' I replied, 'I have come to see how a man like you, whose will dominates that of Europe, will receive a giddy little person like myself who invades the lion's solitude.' He burst out laughing, had me shown to my apartments, and when my five trunks arrived said to me gayly: 'Allow me to hope on seeing your baggage that it is not merely a rapid visit that you are to pay me.' 'Oh,' I replied, 'for a *chiffonneuse coquette* like me five trunks don't last very long,' and thereupon, gay as a child, he wanted to assist at the unpacking, and was immensely amused at seeing the dresses and things I had hastily flung into the trunks taken out and arranged. And when I left he conducted me to my *landau* and said: 'I have felt real delight thus to forget this world's affairs, and I shall remember as late as possible that I am obliged to deal with them.'

"I went back to my watering-place. My husband returned on the same evening. Our absence had aroused little curiosity, and on the morrow, before going on to another watering-place, I paid the Emperor a good-by visit.

"The great monarch received me with extreme joy. He had perceived that everything had calmed down; that peace seemed established

MARDI.

MONSIEUR—AMI,—
Vous serez bien aimable
si vous venez déjeuner demain
à midi 30 avec maman et moi
et comme je vous sais très pris
vous serez libre de très bonne
heure.

Toujours
CHRISTINE.

TUESDAY.

SIR—FRIEND,—
You will be most
kind if you will breakfast with
Mamma and me at noon on
the 30th, and, as I know you
are very busy, you shall be
free very early.

Always
CHRISTINE.

and that the year 1883 would pass off without incident. He was pleasantly amused at the thought of the stratagem he had employed and the success that had attended it."

During this narrative I experienced a profound emotion. I sat there in the presence of this woman of beauty and wit who had just fulfilled one of the most extraordinary of missions if one considers the immense power of those whose intermediary she had been. And I reflect now that this great Emperor had concocted this scheme to calm the spirit of a chancellor to whom he dared not openly dictate his will, but whom a few years later a single gesture of the grandson was to reduce to utter impotence.

But while she was speaking I said to myself: "I see what is about to take place. She has just given me the proof of her devoted affection. She is only just back as it were from her visit to the Prince. She has promised him to bring him a secret which had the gift of irritating him. She has stopped at nothing to have the right to ask it of me, and I for my part have not the right to refuse it to her since she has confided to me a secret the divulgation of which might be fatal to her. True, she made me swear not to mention it during the Emperor's lifetime and not before the Prince retired from office. But even in this, too, she displayed her great confidence, for she believes in my promise; and consequently, as in reality there is no great danger in letting the Prince know how I got hold of the document, and as probably he will be quite content if only his curiosity be satisfied, there is no serious reason for keeping my secret." And I awaited her request, quite decided to speak.

But just then, as she turned to me saying, "And now I know you well enough to be convinced that you won't any longer refuse me what you have refused me hitherto; I need not now employ ruses which would be futile in the case of a man like you; but quite simply, and without trap or circumlocution, I beg you, my friend, prove to me that I can count on you as an absolute friend, and tell me how the thing occurred and how you were able to accomplish a thing until then unique, namely, the publication of a treaty of a Congress at the very moment of its signature"; to her great surprise I was silent. For some moments since the close of her narrative one of the candles of the candelabrum on the table in front of the sofa had begun to flicker, and to my profound surprise, for the apartment was absolutely closed; and on searching carefully all about me I was unable to guess from what quarter came the breath of air which agitated this flame. By a rapid movement I put myself just in front of the candelabrum and I then felt, coming from the direction of the mirror, a little unmistakable current of air fanning my cheek, and then, as I perceived that I was the victim of what I hate above all else in the world, a treason, I closely scrutinized the mirror and saw that a slight gap, which had been caused only during the last few instants, separated the two halves of the glass, and I understood that behind it there was a witness ready to take down what I might say. Then, rising suddenly and in tones which I vainly strove to render calm, I said, pointing first at the flickering flame and at the cloven mirror, and just when she was putting out her hand to remove the candlesticks: "Madame, it is needless. You see that I have understood."

She saw it in truth; she turned away her head; touched an electric button, the door opened, a servant appeared, and, without looking at me, stretching out her hand, she indicated to me the way of the door.

This record, which is already somewhat long, had an epilogue and an end which are not tragic, but which have their irony. I had met once more the Princess in society. Her mother and sister on the morrow of this interview had intervened. They had explained that she had been obliged to act as she did because she had attached so much importance to her success that an authoritative witness, proving that it was directly from me that she had had the information as to the treaty, was indispensable.

In reality, all this had taken place some time back. I had seen the Princess more than once, no longer intimately as before, but in such relations of good will as now and again are renewed after temporary ruptures. I perceived, however, that during the two years that had elapsed since we had met her manner had changed, as well as her language and *entourage*. She was now surrounded by more luxury, and by too much, even. It seemed to me disproportionate with her means. But as I was then quite a stranger to her acts and movements I did not concern myself with them. One Sunday I received a note from her asking me to pay her an urgent visit at six o'clock. I went. She then related to me, with tears of despair in her eyes, that her sister and she had let themselves be induced to speculate enormously in Suez Canal stock; that they had sold large quantities; that these shares were going up and that if this rise continued for many days longer they would be ruined. "Yet," said she, "it is a purely fictitious rise. These shares are not worth three-quarters of their quoted price, and it would be to do an act of justice to enlighten public opinion on this point. The friend who has unfortunately and quite sincerely led us into this frightful speculation has sent me a report which I have here. I entreat you to read it, and, as you will be struck by its conclusions, you will save us by publishing the truths it contains."

I was extremely embarrassed. I replied: "I am utterly ignorant as to these matters, but since you say this report contains verities which ought to be known I will read it and send it to the competent persons who will see what should be done."

As I had invited some people to dinner at my house I took the report, put it in my overcoat pocket and returned home rapidly. I hung up my overcoat on the *portemanteau*, dressed hastily, my guests arrived and we sat down to table. Of course I had not had the time to look at the report. While I was at dinner I was handed a long telegram and asked to be allowed to read it. It was signed "Baron Sartorius," which was the name of a well-known foreign banker and speculator. The telegram said: "Monsieur, I think that you will have laughed on finding in the report handed you this afternoon a letter from me to the Princess, but I know that you are a man who understands everything and I count on your not being disagreeable."

Immediately after dinner I went to find the report which was still in my overcoat pocket, and I discovered there, as well, the following letter from the Baron:

> *Dear Madame la Princesse:* Here is the report I mentioned to you. Sometimes these great journalists are enchanted to find their work all done for them and to show thereby that they possess all capacities. If you succeed in getting this report published it will be an immense affair, and I take the formal engagement that the big setting of sapphires and diamonds which attracts you so often to the Rue de la Paix will adorn your person.

On the morrow I received the following typewritten and unsigned lines:

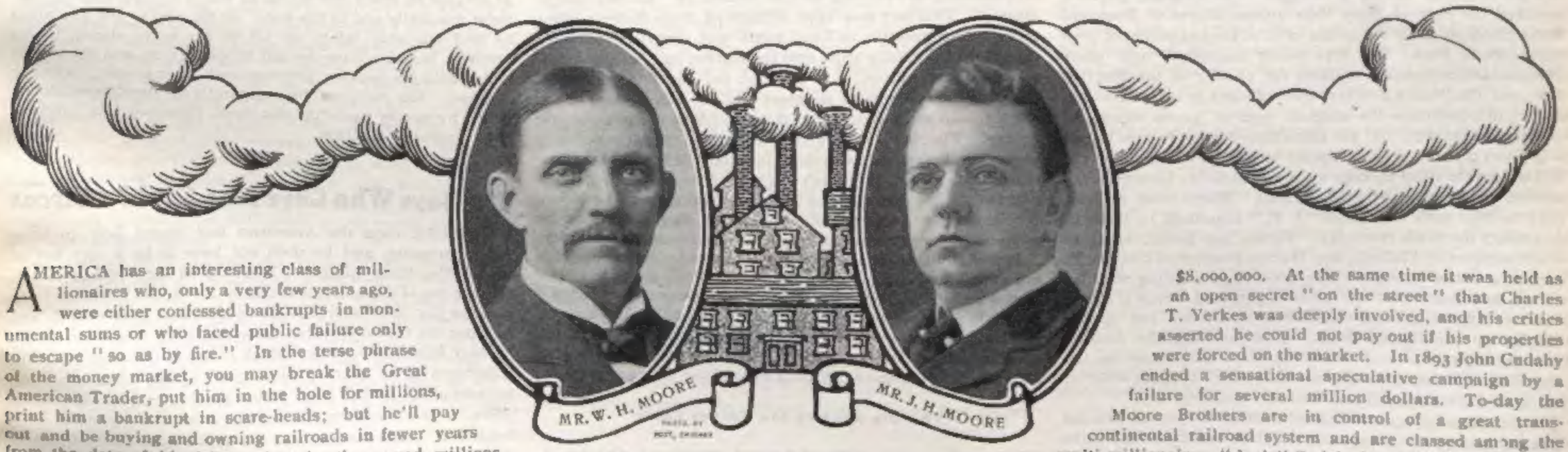
> I have again been defeated. Decidedly I am very *maladroite* when I undertake a struggle with you. But it does not matter. I do not despair. I shall finally have my revenge.

A year later I was present at a costume ball given by the famous bimetallist, Henri Cernuschi, in his beautiful hotel in the Parc Monceau. The ball was a magnificent one. Toward one in the morning, as I traversed a drawing-room, I found myself face to face with the Princess. She wore the splendid costume of an odalisque. On her forehead, round her neck, on her breast and over her arms gleamed with an incomparable lustre a superb setting of sapphires and diamonds. Behind her walked the Baron Sartorius and the Baron de Hoftenhausen, two great financial powers. "*Mon Dieu, Princesse*," I said to her, "how radiant you are and what a splendid *parure!*" The two barons bowed with a very satisfied air as if the compliment was meant for them, and the Princess, turning to me with a rather haughty smile, and in a slightly ironic voice, said: "You see I have nevertheless ended by taking my revenge."

"Yes, Madame," I replied, "I see you have, but it is neither the revenge of the diplomat nor of the financier, but the revenge of Venus."

AUTHOR'S NOTE — A short time ago, I am told, an English journalist whom I have never seen, nor read, nor known, and whom I do not care either to read, or see, or know, announced, in a coarse and vulgar article, that I had offered my resignation. An honorable telegraphic agency, the Press Association, telegraphed the news to America, and it was commented upon there in a large number of papers. As a consequence it was believed that my public career was over, and I received a number of visits and letters asking me for the eventual Memoirs which every one appeared to think I was bound to publish. I energetically refused all such proposals, but ended — I know not exactly how — by promising the representative of this review that I would communicate to him a chapter of my reminiscences.

How Millions are Lost and Won Again



By Forrest Crissey

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES WHO HAVE FACED RUIN AND SNATCHED VICTORY OUT OF DEFEAT. TRUE STORIES OF BUSINESS LUCK AND PLUCK

AMERICA has an interesting class of millionaires who, only a very few years ago, were either confessed bankrupts in monumental sums or who faced public failure only to escape "so as by fire." In the terse phrase of the money market, you may break the Great American Trader, put him in the hole for millions, print him a bankrupt in scare-heads; but he'll pay out and be buying and owning railroads in fewer years from the date of his failure than he then owed millions.

Once it was the fashion for a man who failed for millions to become picturesquely and permanently despondent; and once down he stayed down. That tradition has been overturned; the man who scores a million-dollar failure is not expected to retire into obscurity and wear sackcloth and ashes the remainder of his days, a financial reminiscence. Creditors have awakened to the fact that they cannot afford to allow heavy debtors to indulge in picturesque grief; that the insolvent will pay out sooner if his trading talents are kept busy instead of being crushed out by the weight of defeat.

No men in America are more thoroughly typical of this class of millionaires than the members of a little group of Chicago financiers and speculators who now figure conspicuously in some of the greatest industrial and speculative movements of the day in any country. This quartette of financiers who still carry the "smell of panic fire" on their garments is composed of "Judge" W. H. Moore, his brother J. H. Moore, John Cudahy and Charles T. Yerkes.

Six years ago the "Moore Brothers" went to the wall in Chicago, and their debts were estimated at not less than $8,000,000. At the same time it was held as an open secret "on the street" that Charles T. Yerkes was deeply involved, and his critics asserted he could not pay out if his properties were forced on the market. In 1893 John Cudahy ended a sensational speculative campaign by a failure for several million dollars. To-day the Moore Brothers are in control of a great transcontinental railroad system and are classed among the multi-millionaires; "Jack" Cudahy is the chief figure among the big operators of the Chicago Board of Trade and is estimated to be worth fully two million dollars; while Mr. Yerkes not long since received $17,000,000 for his Chicago holdings and has practically crowded J. Pierpont Morgan out of the field in giving the city of London its first great traction system. These facts will suggest the contrast between the former and the present condition of these dashing financiers; but the full picturesqueness of the process by which they have turned "millions in the hole" to "millions to the good" can be seen only in their peculiar personalities and the principal features of their careers.

About a year after the "Big Fire" a young man from Utica came to find his future in the ashes of Chicago, which had already begun to show Phœnix-like qualities. He gave his

name as Will Moore and sought a place as clerk in a law office, having stopped at Eau Claire long enough to gain admission to the bar. Good fortune followed his steps into the office of a Mr. Small, a fairly prosperous lawyer who hired him at a very moderate salary.

Moore was then twenty-four years of age, fresh from Amherst, nervy, alert, with gray eyes, sandy complexion, and an impressiveness of manner which instantly won him the title of "Judge." Soon he wrote East and told his brother "Jim" to come on to Chicago. From that moment until the present they have been so inseparably identified in all their ventures and undertakings as to have earned the nickname, the "Twins of Finance." Their wives are sisters, daughters of the lawyer who gave William H. Moore his first employment in Chicago, and their tastes and habits of life are very similar.

Not until several years after "Judge" Moore had become a partner with his father-in-law—perhaps not until the death of Mr. Small had left a competency to his daughter and the business to her husband—did the central idea of W. H. Moore's career come to the surface. This was almost accidental. He chanced to be employed on the legal work attending the formation of a large baking powder company. This was accomplished by bringing several rival firms into one large corporation. Instantly he grasped the key to his future as a financier: *Consolidation!* Apparently this thought has never since for a moment left him. Subsequently, in association with his brother, he has effected industrial consolidations with more than $267,500,000 of stock and bonds.

First of the enterprises which have become known in finance as the "Moore Brothers' properties" is the Diamond Match Company, originally a Connecticut industry. Its capital stock was increased from $3,000,000 to $6,000,000, and it was made an Illinois corporation.

Here another feature of the Moore Brothers' method becomes apparent. At once they began to master the details of the business in which they had become interested as promoters. Before they had fairly finished that organization they saw another before them. The Match Company required enormous quantities of strawboard boxes. As a result of this observation the Moores brought together the main plants of this industry into the American Strawboard Company, with $6,000,000 capital. Both of these combinations were effected in 1889.

Next year they went after bigger game and consolidated the Eastern cracker manufacturers into the New York Biscuit Company. This company was composed of about twenty plants, capitalized for $9,000,000 capital and $1,500,000 bonds. This was regarded as a consolidation of sensational magnitude, established the fame of its organizers and laid the basis of their fortune.

What Brought About the Moores' Big Failure

They rested on their laurels until 1896. Early in that year negotiations were well under way to place the patents and processes of the Diamond Match Company in England, France and Germany, thereby multiplying the value of the stock of that corporation, and the Moore Brothers formed a pool to buy the stock in the open market. The English contract involved the sale of more than 10,000 shares of Diamond Match Stock at $225, the ruling price at the beginning of 1896 being about $120. The free silver campaign and other adverse causes operated to delay the closing of the English deal and the Moore Brothers were obliged to take on 20,000 shares, in addition to the original pool of 30,000 shares, to support the market. At the same time they were also forced to support their New York biscuit interests by heavy buying. In a desperate effort to keep up prices until the foreign negotiations could be concluded, "Judge" Moore went to New York to raise more funds and "J. H." remained in Chicago to conduct the stock campaign. In the last frantic effort to secure support in Chicago, the Moores found that Charles T. Yerkes, a better borrower, who stood in as pressing need for money, had been over the ground and had swept it clean. Monday, August 3, 1896, the Moores could not put up the margins on their stock deals. That evening the leading bankers, capitalists and financiers were summoned to the home of P. D. Armour for a conference which became historic. The Moore Brothers and Mr. Yerkes were present.

On this occasion occurred an incident which passed into the financial history of Chicago but which is too characteristic to be omitted. As Mr. Yerkes entered he saw a solemn company of financiers ranged about a long table on which they had placed their hats. Bowing in the debonair manner which never deserts him he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I never before saw so many straw hats at a funeral!"

A general laugh broke up the sepulchral gloom of the gathering and every member of the company felt a glow of admiration for the nerve of a man who, facing financial ruin, could see the humor of a situation which possibly involved his own ruin. After the "money kings" of Chicago had decided that the Moore Brothers must submit to confessed bankruptcy, the "inquest" turned its attention to Mr. Yerkes. With the same suavity which would characterize his comments on a painting by Turner, he remarked:

"It is true, gentlemen, that you can easily force me to the wall; but I must remind you that the moment my failure gets out there will be a run on every bank represented here. In fact the only way to avert a general panic is to close up the Chicago Stock Exchange at once and keep it closed indefinitely. The Governors of the Exchange are here and can act immediately."

This shrewd suggestion was followed.

From this meeting the Moore Brothers went to make peace with their creditors. The latter were mainly broad men and decided on new methods of liquidation. Although the famous promoters were said to be fully eight million dollars "in the hole" no formal bankruptcy proceedings were taken against them. Not even were they called upon to surrender their houses or horses. "You'll need them all in your business," was the decision of their creditors—and their business was to "pay out" with as much speed as possible.

A Plucky Fight to Pay Seven-Figure Debts

After the Moores had effected a combination of the Eastern cracker manufacturers and had put up one large plant in Chicago, the Western houses in this industry became alarmed, came together in consolidation of their own and began a bitter warfare with the combine in the East. Here the Moores saw an opening for a larger organization than they had ever before assembled. In February, 1898, the organization of the National Biscuit Company, comprising the two smaller combines and all other important cracker manufacturers, was completed, with a capital of $53,000,000. With other promoters who had been called to their assistance the Moores divided $6,000,000 for accomplishing this task. It was beset by great obstacles, but its success seemed instantly to restore its irrepressible promoters to the public confidence and to give back the magic of their name in financial circles. Before the close of 1898 they consolidated the principal tin-plate plants of the West into the American Tin Plate Company, capitalized for $50,000,000. For this work they took $10,000,000 of common stock.

Their next stroke was the consolidation of various steel interests having a natural relationship to the tin-plate industry. This "combine" was called the National Steel Company, capitalized at $59,000,000, and was a great stock-market success. It yielded the promoters immense profits, and it is said enabled them practically to clear off their debts. In 1899 came the American Steel Hoop Company, with a capital of $33,000,000, and the next year, 1900, they assembled the sheet-steel interests into the American Sheet Steel Company. This had $50,000,000 capital and scored an instantaneous popularity on the market.

Soon it was announced that the ambitions of the Moores had overshot the mark and were about to attempt a $625,000,000 steel and iron organization which should include all the Carnegie properties. At once the public shouted "Preposterous." For once the nerve of the Moores failed them; they abandoned the enterprise at a forfeit, it is said, of $100,000. Later, when the United States Steel Corporation was formed, all these steel properties were included at figures which put the Moores "far to the good."

In spite of this record there were many financial men who still insisted on referring to the Moores as "tin-can speculators." This fact may have influenced them in their latest move. Last year the railroad world was surprised to learn that they had quietly gone into the market and bought themselves a great railroad—or at least the absolute control of one. At once it became apparent that the new owners of the Rock Island were about to do things with their characteristic energy. Finding a road with 3800 miles they immediately began purchases and extensions to expand it into a great system of 8000 miles. Although the task of financial reorganization is still in process, there is an impression that the Moore Brothers have entered the business to stay and must be reckoned among the great transportation powers of the country.

Personally these masters of the art of industrial promotion are affable and democratic in manner. They are fond of fast horses and are ranked among the "high livers." "Judge" Moore is fifty-four years old; "J. H." is four years younger. It is said that the senior brother does the greater part of the planning of their enterprises, while the stock-market campaigns come under the personal generalship of the younger man.

The Big Kink in the Yerkes Cable

Of the other men at the "Armour meeting" Charles T. Yerkes had early sustained a failure in Philadelphia, which he then left for Dakota, where he was successful in the Fargo boom. Then, early in the eighties, he came to Chicago, opened a brokerage and commission house, but was caught in two or three heavy Board of Trade failures, and decided to go into other ventures. It is said that the turning point of his career came one day when he took a position of vantage facing the approach to the Madison Street bridge and made a personal tally of the number of horse cars and passengers crossing this bridge during certain hours of the day. In 1886, by an artful use of all his resources, he gained control of the North Chicago City Railway Company and a year later acquired a dominant interest in the Chicago West Division Railway Company. Then he began the labor of changing these lines from horse power to cable and electric equipment. Although relentlessly "pounded" by practically the entire press of Chicago, Mr. Yerkes managed to accomplish his ends and constantly to improve and expand his system of roads until they were 500 miles in extent.

Consequently, 1896 found him carrying an immense financial burden, owing to the fact that he had lent his personal credit to the Northwestern Elevated Railroad, and to the Union Loop Elevated then in process of construction. When about at the end of his rope his confidential adviser one day said to him: "I think if you would call on John R. Walsh you would be well received and get help from his bank."

"That seems preposterous," answered Mr. Yerkes, "for he has done nothing but lash and vilify me ever since he owned a newspaper."

The subject was dropped for the time being, but came up a few days later.

"I'll go," announced Mr. Yerkes, "and run the risk of being driven from the bank and publicly humiliated."

He went and was received by the bluff banker with a welcome as warm as the wrath which he had expected to encounter.

"I made up my mind you haven't been treated right in this town," exclaimed Mr. Walsh, "and I'm going to see you through. All that I can do or get my friends to do is at your disposal."

About three years later Mr. Yerkes sold his main surface lines for $10,000,000, his elevated holdings for about $5,000,000, and his outside electric lines for nearly $4,000,000—leaving Chicago with little less than $19,000,000.

The Collapse of the Cudahy Lard Corner

John Cudahy, now reputed to be worth two million dollars, is a typical Board of Trade operator. Although he has packing houses at Louisville and at Wichita, Kansas, and is associated with his brothers in another large plant at Milwaukee, it is as a speculator that he is most widely known. The collapse of the great lard corner, in the summer of 1893, was one of the most exciting episodes in the history of the Chicago Board of Trade. Almost at the same time he ran a big deal in wheat which brought him heavy losses, but he would have recovered from this had it not been followed by the failure of the great lard campaign. It is said by those who were close to the daring plunger that he entered the long campaign with $3,000,000 cash in the banks besides a large amount of good and available collateral.

As the summer progressed the money market tightened until gilt-edged securities went begging. Then came the crash. When "Jack" Cudahy figured up he faced the fact that he was $2,500,000 in debt. His creditors agreed to settle on a basis of fifty cents on the dollar. He placed his property in the hands of a trustee and gave notes for a sum sufficient to cover the balance on that basis of settlement. Then he voluntarily gave his personal notes for two, three and five years, without interest, to make a full settlement with all his creditors. He was allowed to retain his house and to continue in the management of his packing interests. Nearly a year passed before he was able to get ahead any; but before his first group of notes became due he had made and saved $1,800,000 by many operations in which his speculative judgment was daily put to the test. At the end of the five years he had not only taken up all of the notes signed by his brothers, but also those he had himself given, and the trustee which held his packing interests and other property was discharged. He paid out by comparatively steady speculative gains, by money made in "hundred thousand lots" instead of by profits in millions.

The Boys Who Gave Miss Gould a Circus

IN THESE days the American boy knows how to seize opportunity, and he does not have to be a city boy at that. The little village of Roxbury in the Catskill Mountains is one of the quietest places in the world, known to fame because Jay Gould and John Borroughs were born near it, and because the Gould children have erected a memorial church to their father and mother which is one of the most beautiful structures of its kind in the United States. But most important of all is that Miss Helen Gould has a summer home there, a fine, comfortable residence with a beautiful park behind it. A few weeks ago she held a lawn fête for one of her Y. M. C. A. enterprises and a tent was erected. The fête was a great success and after it was over the small boys saw their chance. They wanted a baseball club, and they needed the money for uniforms. So they got up a circus and asked Miss Gould to let them have the tent. She entered warmly into their plans. It was all right and it paid, but the sum realized did not reach the total desired.

Then they went to Miss Gould again and got the loan of her automobile. "One cent a ride" was the cry, and up and down the street the machine went earning pennies to its capacity. It paid almost as much as the circus, and the day ended with a lot of happy youngsters and with ten dollars in cash. Miss Gould became more interested as the enthusiasm of the boys grew, and now she has given them a ball-ground.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

FROM JOHN GRAHAM, AT THE LONDON HOUSE OF GRAHAM & CO., TO HIS SON, PIERREPONT, AT THE UNION STOCK YARDS, IN CHICAGO

SOMEWAYS IT SOUNDED SORT OF FOREIGN AND FRISKY

LONDON, October 27, 189–.

Dear Pierrepont: Yours of the twenty-first inst. to hand and I note the inclosed clippings. You needn't pay any special attention to this newspaper talk about the Comstock crowd having caught me short a big line of November lard. I never sell goods without knowing where I can find them when I want them, and if these fellows try to put their forefeet in the trough, or start any shoving and crowding, they're going to find me forgetting my table manners, too. For when it comes to funny business I'm something of a humorist myself. And while I'm too old to run, I'm young enough to stand and fight.

First and last, a good many men have gone gunning for me, but they've always planned the obsequies before they caught the deceased. I reckon there hasn't been a time in twenty years when there wasn't a nice "Gates Ajar" piece all made up and ready for me in some office near the Board of Trade. But the first essential of a quiet funeral is a willing corpse. And I'm still sitting up and taking nourishment.

There are two things you never want to pay any attention to—abuse and flattery. The first can't harm you and the second can't help you. Some men are like yellow dogs—when you're coming toward them they'll jump up and try to lick your hands; and when you're walking away from them they'll sneak up behind and snap at your heels. Last year, when I was bulling the market, the longs all said that I was a kind-hearted old philanthropist, who was laying awake nights scheming to get the farmers a top price for their hogs; and the shorts allowed that I was an infamous old robber, who was stealing the pork out of the workingman's pot. As long as you can't please both sides in this world, there's nothing like pleasing your own side.

There are mighty few people who can see any side to a thing except their own side. I remember once I had a vacant lot out on the Avenue, and a lady came into my office and in a soothing-sirupy way asked if I would lend it to her, as she wanted to build a *crèche* on it. I hesitated a little, because I had never heard of a *crèche* before, and someways it sounded sort of foreign and frisky, though the woman looked like a good, safe, reliable old heifer. But she explained that a *crèche* was a baby farm, where old maids went to wash and feed and stick pins in other people's children while their mothers were off at work. Of course, there was nothing in that to get our pastor or the police after me, so I told her to go ahead.

She went off happy, but about a week later she dropped in again, looking sort of dissatisfied, to find out if I wouldn't build the *crèche* itself. It seemed like a worthy object, so I sent some carpenters over to knock together a long frame pavilion. She was mighty grateful, you bet, and I didn't see her again for a fortnight. Then she called by to say that so long as I was in the business, and they didn't cost me anything special, would I mind giving her a few cows? She had a surprised and grieved expression on her face as she talked, and the way she put it made me feel that I ought to be ashamed of myself for not having thought of the live stock. So I threw in half a dozen cows to provide the refreshments.

I thought that was pretty good measure, but the carpenters hadn't more than finished with the pavilion before the woman telephoned a sharp message to ask why I hadn't had it painted.

I was too busy that morning to quarrel, so I sent word that I would fix it up; and when I was driving by there next day the painters were hard at work on it. There was a sixty-foot frontage of that shed on the Avenue, and I saw right off that it was just a natural signboard. So I called over the boss painter and between us we cooked up a nice little ad. that ran something like this:

Graham's Extract: It Makes the Weak Strong.

Well, sir, when she saw the ad. next morning that old hen just scratched gravel. Went all around town saying that I had given a five-hundred-dollar shed to charity and painted a thousand-dollar ad. on it. Allowed I ought to send my check for that amount to the *crèche* fund. Kept at it till I began to think there might be something in it, after all, and sent her the money. Then I found a fellow who wanted to build in that neighborhood, sold him the lot cheap, and got out of the *crèche* industry.

I've put a good deal more than work into my business, and I've drawn a good deal more than money out of it; but the only thing I've ever put into it which didn't draw dividends in fun or dollars was worry. That is a branch of the trade which you want to leave to our competitors.

I've always found worrying a blamed sight more uncertain than horse-racing—it's harder to pick a winner at it. You go home worrying because you're afraid that your fool new clerk forgot to lock the safe after you, and during the night the lard refinery burns down; you spend a year fretting because you think Bill Jones is going to cut you out with your best girl, and then you spend ten worrying because he didn't; you worry over Charlie at college because he's a little wild, and he writes you that he's been elected president of the Y. M. C. A.; and you worry over William because he's so pious that you're afraid he's going to throw up everything and go to China as a missionary, and he draws on you for a hundred; you worry because you're afraid your business is going to smash, and your health busts up instead. Worrying is the one game in which, if you guess right, you don't get any satisfaction out of your smartness. A busy man has no time to bother with it. He can always find plenty of old women in skirts or trousers to spend their days worrying over their own troubles and to sit up nights waking his.

Speaking of handing over your worries to others naturally calls to mind the Widow Williams and her son Bud, who was a playmate of mine when I was a boy. Bud was the youngest of the Widow's troubles, and she was a woman whose troubles seldom came singly. Had fourteen altogether, and four pair of 'em were twins. Used to turn 'em loose in the morning, when she let out her cows and pigs to browse along the street, and then she'd shed all worry over them for the rest of the day. Allowed that if they got hurt the neighbors would bring them home; and that if they got hungry they'd come home. And someways, the whole drove always showed up safe and dirty about meal-time.

I've no doubt she thought a lot of Bud, but when a woman has fourteen it sort of unsettles her mind so that she can't focus her affections. And so when Bud's clothes were found at the swimming hole one day, and no Bud inside them, she didn't take on up to the expectations of the neighbors who had brought the news, and who were standing around waiting for her to go off into something special in the way of high strikes.

She allowed that they were Bud's clothes all right, but she wanted to know where the remains were. Hinted that there'd be no funeral, or such like expensive goings-on, until some one produced the deceased. Take her by and large, she was a pretty cool, calm cucumber. But if she showed a little too much Christian resignation, the rest of the town was mightily stirred up over Bud's death, and every one quit work to tell each other what a noble little fellow he was; and how his mother hadn't deserved to have such a little sunbeam in her home; and to drag the river between talks. But they couldn't get a rise.

Through all the worry and excitement the Widow was the only one who didn't show any special interest, except to ask for results. But finally, at the end of a week, when they'd strained the whole river through their drags and hadn't anything to show for it but a collection of tin cans and dead catfish, she threw a shawl over her head and went down the street to the cabin of Louisiana Clytemnestra, an old yellow woman, who would go into a trance for four bits and find a fortune for you for a dollar. I reckon she'd have called herself a clairvoyant nowadays, but then she was just a voodoo woman.

Well, the Widow said she reckoned that boys ought to be let out as well as in for half price, and so she laid down two bits, allowing that she wanted a few minutes' private conversation with her Bud. Clytie said she'd do her best, but that spirits were mighty snifty and high-toned, even when they'd only been poor white trash on earth, and it might make them mad to be called away from their high jinks if they were taking a little recreation, or from their high-priced New York customers if they were working, to tend to cut-rate business. Still, she'd have a try, and she did. But after having convulsions for half an hour she gave it up. Reckoned that Bud was up to some cussedness off somewhere, and that he wouldn't answer for any two bits.

The Widow was badly disappointed, but she allowed that that was just like Bud. He'd always been a boy that never could be found when any one wanted him. So she went off, saying that she'd had her money's worth in seeing Clytie throw those fancy fits. But next day she came again and paid down four bits, and Clytie reckoned that that ought to fetch Bud sure. Someways though, she didn't have any luck, and finally the Widow suggested that she call up Bud's father—Buck Williams had been dead a matter of five years—and the old man responded promptly.

"Where's Bud?" asked the Widow.

Hadn't laid eyes on him. Didn't know he'd come across. Had he joined the church before he started?

"No."

Then he'd have a look downstairs for him.

Clytie told the Widow to call again and they'd get him sure. So she came back next day and laid down a dollar. That fetched old Buck Williams' ghost on the jump, you bet, but he said he hadn't laid eyes on Bud yet. They hauled the Sweet By and By with a drag-net, but they couldn't get a rap from him. Clytie trotted out George Washington, and Napoleon, and Billy Patterson, and Ben Franklin, and Captain Kidd, just to show that there was no deception, but they couldn't get a whisper even from Bud.

I reckon Clytie had been stringing the old lady along, intending to produce Bud's spook as a sort of red-fire, calcium-light, grand-march-of-the-Amazons climax, but she didn't get a chance. For right there the old lady got up with a mighty set expression around her lips and marched out, muttering that it was just as she had thought all along—Bud wasn't there. And when the neighbors dropped in that afternoon to plan out a memorial service for "her lost lamb," she chased them off the lot with a broom. Said that they had looked in the river for him and that she had looked beyond the river for him, and that they would just stand pat now and wait for him to make the next move. Allowed that if she could once get her hands in "that lost lamb's" wool there might be an opening for a funeral when she got through with him, but there wouldn't be till then. Altogether, it looked as if there

(Concluded on Page 16)

A TYRANT AND A LADY

"FOULIK PASHA SITS BY HIS DOOR"

By Gilbert Parker

Author of The Right of Way

Copyright, 1902, by Gilbert Parker, in the United States and Great Britain

PART IV

"AH!" SAID a lady, in a dirty pink house at Assiout, with an accent which betrayed a discovery and a resolution, "I will do it. I may be of use some way or another. The Khedive won't dare—but still the times are desperate. As Donovan Pasha said, it isn't easy holding down the safety-valve all the time, and when it flies off there will be dark days for all of us. . . . An old friend—bad as he is! Yes, I will go."

Within forty-eight hours of Donovan Pasha's and Kingsley Bey's arrival in Cairo the lady appeared there, and made inquiries of her friends. No one knew anything. She went to the Consulate, and was told that Kingsley Bey was still in prison, that the Consulate had not yet taken action.

She went to Donovan Pasha, and he appeared far more mysterious and troubled than he really was. Kingsley Bey was as cheerful as might be expected, he said, but the matter was grave. He was charged with the destruction of a desert-city, and maintaining an army of slaves in the Khedive's dominions—a menace to the country.

"But it was with the Khedive's connivance," she said.

"Who can prove that? It's a difficult matter for England to handle, as you can see."

This was very wily of Dicky Donovan, for he was endeavoring to create alarm and sympathy in the woman's mind by exaggerating the charge. He knew that in a few days at most Kingsley Bey would be free. He had himself given Ismail a fright, and had even gone so far as to suggest inside knowledge of the plans of Europe concerning Egypt. But if he could deepen the roots of this comedy for Kingsley's benefit—and for the lady's—it was his duty so to do.

"Of course," he made haste to add, "you cannot be expected to feel sympathy for him. In your eyes, he is a criminal. He had a long innings, and made a mint of money. We must do all we can, and, of course, we'll save his life—ah, I'm sure you wouldn't exact the fullest penalty on him!"

Dicky was more than wily; he was something wicked. The suggestion of danger to Kingsley's life had made her wince, and he had added another little barbed arrow to keep the first company. The cause was a good one. Hurt now to heal afterward—and Kingsley was an old friend, and a good fellow! Anyhow, this work was wasting her life, and she would be much better back in England, living a civilized life, riding in the Row, and slumming a little in the East End, perhaps, and presiding at meetings for the amelioration of the unameliorated. He was rather old-fashioned in his views. He saw the faint trouble in her eyes and face, and he made up his mind that he would work while it was yet the day. He was about to speak, but she suddenly interposed questions.

"Is he comfortable? How does he take it?"

"Oh, all right. You know the kind of thing: mud walls and floor—quite dry, of course—and a sleeping-mat, and a balass of water, and cakes of dourha, and plenty of time to think. After all, he's used to primitive fare."

Donovan Pasha was drawing an imaginary picture, and drawing it with effect. He almost believed it as his artist's mind fashioned it. She believed it, and it tried her. Kingsley Bey was a criminal, of course, but he was an old friend; he had offended her deeply also, but that was no reason why he should be punished by any one save herself.

Her regimen of punishments would not necessarily include mud walls and floor, and a sleeping-mat and a balass of water; and whatever it included it should not be administered by any hand save her own. She therefore resented, not quite unselfishly, this indignity and punishment the Khedive had commanded.

"When is he to be tried?"

"Well, that is hardly the way to put it. When he can squeeze the Khedive into a corner he'll be free, but it takes time. We have to go carefully, for it isn't the slave-master alone; it's those twenty slaves of his, including the six you freed. Their heads are worth a good deal to the Khedive, he thinks."

She was dumfounded. "I don't understand," she said helplessly.

"Oh, the Khedive put your six and fourteen others in prison for treason or something—it doesn't matter much here what it is. His game is to squeeze Kingsley's gold-orange dry, if he can."

A light broke over her face. "Oh, now I see," she said, and her face flushed deeply with anger and indignation. "And you, Donovan Pasha, you who are supposed to have influence with the Khedive, who are supposed to be an *English* influence over him, you can speak of this quietly, patiently, as a matter possible to your understanding. This barbarous, hideous blackmail! This cruel, dreadful tyranny! You, an Englishman, remain in the service of the man who is guilty of such a crime!" Her breath came hard.

"Well, it seems the wisest thing to do as yet. You have lived a long time in Egypt; you should know what Oriental rule is. Question: Is a bite of a cherry better than no bite of a cherry? Egypt is like a circus, but there are wild horses in the ring, and you can't ride them just as you like. If you keep them inside the barriers, that's something. Of course, Kingsley made a mistake in a way. He didn't start his desert-city and his slavery without the consent of the Khedive; he shouldn't have stopped it and gone out of business without the same consent. It cut down the Effendina's tribute."

He spoke slowly, counting every word, watching the effect upon her. He had much to watch, and he would have seen more if he had known women better.

"He has abandoned the mines—his city—and slavery?" she said chokingly, confusedly. It seemed hard for her to speak.

"Oh, yes; didn't you know? Didn't he tell you?"

She shook her head. She was thinking back—remembering their last conversation, remembering how sharp and unfriendly she had been with him. He had even then freed his slaves, had given her slaves to free.

"I wonder what made him do it?" added Dicky. "He had made a great fortune—poor devil, he needed it, for the estates were sweating under the load. I wonder what made him do it?"

She looked at him bewilderedly for a moment; then, suddenly, some faint suspicion struck her.

"You should know. You joined with him in deceiving me at Assiout."

"Oh, no," he responded quickly, and with rare innocence, "the situation was difficult. You already knew him very well, and it was the force of circumstances—simply the force of circumstances. Bad luck—no more. He was innocent, mine was the guilt. I confess I was enjoying the thing because—because, you see, he had deceived me, actually deceived me, his best friend. I didn't know he knew you personally till you two met at Assiout, and ——"

"And you made it difficult for him to explain at once—I remember."

"I'm afraid I did. I've got a nasty little temper at times, and I had a chance to get even. Then things got mixed, and Foulik Pasha upset the whole basket of plums. Besides, you see, I'm a jealous man, an envious man, and you never looked so well as you did that day, unless it's to-day."

She was about to interrupt him, but he went on.

"I had begun to feel that we might have been better friends, you and I; that—that I might have helped you more; that you had not had all the help you deserved; that civilization was your debtor, and that I——"

"No, no, no; you must not speak that way to me," she interposed with agitation. "It—it is not necessary. It doesn't bear on the matter. And you've always been a good friend—always a good friend," she added with a little friendly quiver in her voice, for she was not quite sure of herself.

Dicky had come out in a new rôle, one wherein he would not have been recognized. It was probably the first time he had ever tried the delicate social art of playing with fire of this sort. It was all true in a way, but only in a way. The truest thing about it was that it was genuine comedy, in which there were two villains, and no hero, and one heroine.

"But there it is," he repeated, having gone as far as his cue warranted. "I didn't know he had given up his desert-city till two days before you did, and I didn't know he knew you, and I don't know why he gave up his desert-city—do you?"

There was a new light in her eyes, a new look in her face. She was not sure but that she had a glimmering of the reason. It was a woman's reason, and it was not without a certain exquisite egotism and vanity, for she remembered so well the letter she had written him—every word was etched into her mind; and she knew by heart every word of his reply. Then there were the six slaves he sent to her—and his coming immediately afterward. . . . For a moment she seemed to glow, and then the color slowly faded and left her face rather gray and very quiet.

He might not be a slave-driver now, but he had been one, and the world of difference it made to her! He had made his great fortune out of the work of the men employed as slaves, and—she turned away to the window with a dejected air. For the first time the real weight of the problem pressed upon her heavily.

"Perhaps you would like to see him?" said Dicky. "It might show that you are magnanimous."

"Magnanimous! It will look like that—in a mud cell, with mud floor and a piece of matting."

"And a balass of water and dourha cakes," said Dicky in a childlike way, and not daring to meet her eyes.

He stroked his mustache with his thumb-nail in a way he had when perplexed. Kingsley Bey was not in a mud cell, with a mat and a balass of water, but in a very decent apartment indeed, and Dicky was trying to work the new situation out in his mind. The only thing to do was to have Kingsley removed to a mud cell, and not let him know the author of his temporary misfortune and this new indignity. She was ready to visit him now—he could see that. He made difficulties, however, which would prevent their going at once, and he arranged with her to go to Kingsley in the late afternoon.

Her mind was in confusion, but one thing shone clear through the confusion, and it was the iniquity of the Khedive. It gave her a foothold. She was deeply grateful for it. She could not have moved without it. So shameful was the Khedive in her eyes that the prisoner and captive seemed Crime made Martyrdom.

She went back to her hotel flaming with indignation against Ismail. It was very comforting to her to have this resource. The six slaves whom she had freed—the first-fruits of her labors: that they should be murdered! The others who had done no harm, who had been slaves by Ismail's consent: that they should be now in danger of their lives through the same tyrant! That Kingsley Bey, who had been a slave-master with Ismail's own approval and to his

IT SEEMED THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY

Editor's Note—This four-part story began in The Saturday Evening Post of September 6, and is concluded in this number.

advantage, should now—she glowed with pained anger. . . . She would not wait till she had seen Kingsley Bey or Donovan Pasha again; she herself would go to Ismail.

So she went to Ismail, and she was admitted, after long waiting in an anteroom. She would not have been admitted at all if it had not been for Dicky, who, arriving just before her on the same mission, had seen her coming and guessed her intention. He had then gone in to the Khedive with a new turn to his purposes, a new argument and a new suggestion, which widened the scope of the comedy now being played. He had had a struggle with Ismail, and his own place and influence had been in something like real danger, but he had not minded that. He had suggested that he might be of service to Egypt in London and Paris. That was very like a threat, but it was veiled by a look of genial innocence which Ismail admired greatly. He knew that Donovan Pasha could hasten the crisis coming on him. He did not believe that Donovan Pasha would, but that did not alter the astuteness and value of the move; and besides, it was well to run no foolish risks and take no chances. Also, he believed in Donovan Pasha's honesty. He despised him in a worldly kind of way, because he might have been rich and splendid, and he was poor and unassuming. He wanted Kingsley Bey's fortune, or a great slice of it, but he wanted it without a struggle with Dicky Donovan and with the British Consulate, for that would come, too, directly. It gave him no security to know that the French would be with him—he knew which country would win in the end. He was preying on Kingsley Bey's humanity, and he hoped to make it well worth while. And all he thought and planned was well understood by Dicky.

Over their coffee they both talked from long distances toward the point of attack and struggle, Ismail carelessly throwing in glowing descriptions of the palaces he was building. Dicky never failed to show illusive interest, and each knew that he was not deceiving the other, and both came nearer to the issue by devious processes, as though these processes were inevitable. At last Dicky suddenly changed his manner and came straight to the naked crisis.

"Highness, I have an invitation for Kingsley Bey to dine at the British Consulate to-night. You can spare his presence?"

"My table is not despicable. Is he not comfortable here?"

"Is a mud floor, with bread, water and a sleeping-mat, comfortable?"

"He is lodged like a friend."

"He is lodged like a slave—in a cell."

"They were not my orders."

"Effendina, the orders were mine."

"Excellency!"

"Because there were no orders and Foulik Pasha was sleepless with anxiety lest the prisoner should escape, fearing Your Highness' anger, I gave orders and trusted Your Highness to approve."

Ismail saw a mystery in the words, and knew that it was all to be part of Dicky's argument in the end.

"So be it, Excellency," he said; "thou hast breathed the air of knowledge; thine actions shine. In what quarter of the Palace rests he? And Foulik Pasha?"

"Foulik Pasha sits by his door, and the room is by the doorway where the sarrafs keep the accounts for the palaces Your Highness builds. Also abides near the Greek who toils upon the usury paid by Your Highness to Europe."

Ismail smiled. The allusions were subtle and piercing. There was a short pause. Each was waiting.

Dicky changed the attack. "It is a pity we should be in danger of riot at this moment, Highness."

"If riots come, they come. It is the will of God, Excellency. But in our hand lies order. We will quiet the storm, if a storm fall."

"There will be wreck somewhere."

"So be it. There will be salvage."

"Nothing worth a riot, Highness."

The Khedive eyed Dicky with a sudden malice and a desire to slay—to slay even Donovan Pasha. He did not speak, and Dicky continued negligently: "Prevention is better than cure."

The Khedive understood perfectly. He knew that Dicky had circumvented him, and had warned the Bank.

Still the Khedive did not speak. Dicky went on: "Kingsley Bey deposited ten thousand pounds—no more. But the gold is not there; only Kingsley Bey's credit."

"His slaves shall die to-morrow morning."

"Not so, Highness."

The Khedive's fingers twisted round the chair-arm savagely.

"Who will prevent it?"

"Your Highness will. Your Highness could not permit it—the time is far past. Suppose Kingsley Bey gave you his whole fortune, would it save one palace or pay one tithe of your responsibilities? Would it lengthen the chain of safety?"

"I am safe."

"No, Highness. In peril—here with your own people, in Europe with the nations. Money will not save you."

"What then?"

"Prestige. Power—the Soudan. Establish yourself in the Soudan with a real army. Let your name be carried to the Abyssinian mountains as the voice of the eagle."

"Who will carry it?" He laughed disdainfully, with a bitter, hopeless kind of pride. "Who will carry it?"

"Gordon—again."

The Khedive started from his chair, and his sullen eye lighted to laughter. He paced excitedly to and fro for a minute, and then broke out:

"Thou hast said it! Gordon—Gordon—if he would but come again! But it shall be so, by the beard of God's prophet! It shall. Thou hast said the thing that has lain in my heart. Have I had honor in the Soudan since his feet were withdrawn? Where are honor and tribute and gold since his hand ruled—alone without an army! It is so—*Inshallah!* but it is so. He shall come again, and the people's eyes will turn to Khartum and Darfur and Kordofan, and the greedy nations will wait. Ah, my friend, but the true inspiration is thine. I will send for Gordon to-night—even to-night. Thou shalt go—no, no, not so. Who can tell—I might look for thy return in vain! But who—who, to carry my word to Gordon?"

"Your messenger is in the anteroom," said Dicky with a sudden thought.

"Who is it, son of the high hills?"

"The lady at Assiout—she who is such a friend to Gordon as I am to thee, Highness."

"She whose voice and hand are against slavery?"

"Even so. It is good that she return to England—there to remain. Send her."

"Why is she here?" The Khedive looked suspiciously at Dicky, for it seemed that a plot had been laid.

Thereupon Dicky told the Khedive the whole story, and not in years had Ismail's face shown such abandon of humor.

"By the will of God, but it shall be," he said. "She shall marry Kingsley Bey, and he shall go free."

"But not till she has seen him and mourned over him in his cell, with the mud floor and the balass of water!"

The Khedive laughed outright and swore in French. "And the cakes of dourha! I will give her as a parting gift the twenty slaves, and she shall bring her great work to a close in the arms of a slaver. It is worth a fortune."

"It is worth exactly ten thousand pounds to Your Highness—ten thousand pounds, neither more nor less."

Ismail questioned.

"Kingsley Bey would make last tribute of thus much to Your Highness."

Ismail would not have declined ten thousand centimes. "*Malaish!*" he said, and called for coffee, while they planned what should be said to his Ambassadress.

She came trembling, yet determined, and she left with her eyes full of joyful tears. She was to carry the news of his freedom and the freedom of his slaves to Kingsley Bey, and she—she was to bear to Gordon, the foe of slavery, the world's benefactor, the message that he was to come and save the Soudan. Her vision was enlarged, and never went from any prince a more grateful supplicant and envoy.

Donovan Pasha went with her to the room with the mud floor where Kingsley Bey was confined.

"I owe it all to you," she said, as they hastened across the sunswept square. "Ah, but you have atoned! You have done it all at once, after these long years!"

"Ah, well, the time is ripe," said Dicky piously.

They found Kingsley Bey reading the last issue of the French newspaper published in Cairo. He was laughing at some article in it abusive of the English, and seemed not very downcast; but at a warning sign and look from Dicky he became as grave as he was inwardly delighted at seeing the lady of Assiout.

As Kingsley Bey and the Ambassadress shook hands, Dicky said to her: "I'll tell him, and then go." Forthwith he said: "Kingsley Bey, son of the desert, and unhappy prisoner, the prison opens its doors. No more for you the cold earth for a bed—relieved though it be by a sleeping-mat. No more the cake of dourha and the balass of Nile water. *Inshallah!* you are as free as a bird on the mountain-top to soar to far lands, and none to say thee nay."

Kingsley Bey caught instantly at the meaning lying beneath Dicky's whimsical phrases, and he deported himself accordingly. He looked inquiringly at the Ambassadress, and she responded:

"We come from the Khedive, and he bids us carry you his high considerations——"

"Yes, 'high considerations,' he said," interjected Dicky with his eye toward a fly on the ceiling.

"And to beg your company at dinner to-night."

"And the price?" asked Kingsley, feeling his way carefully, for he wished no more mistakes where this lady was concerned. At Assiout he had erred; he had no desire to be deceived at Cairo. He did not know how he stood with her, though her visit gave him audacious hopes. Her face was ruled to quietness now, and only in the eyes resolutely turned away was there any look which gave him assurance. He seemed to hear her talking from the veranda that last day at Assiout; and it made him discreet at least.

"Oh, the price!" murmured Dicky, and he seemed to study the sleepy sarraf who pored over his accounts in the garden. "The price is 'England and home and beauty.' Also, to prop up the falling towers of Khedivia—ten thousand pounds! Also, Gordon."

Kingsley Bey appeared, as he was, mystified, but he was not inclined to spoil things by too much speaking. He looked inquiry.

At that moment an orderly came running toward the door—Dicky had arranged for that. Dicky started, and turned to the lady. "You tell him. This fellow is coming for me. I'll be back in a quarter of an hour." He nodded to them both and went out to the orderly, who followed his footsteps to the Palace.

"You've forgiven me for everything—for everything at Assiout, I mean?" he said.

"I have no desire to remember," she answered.

"About Gordon—what is it?"

"Ah, yes, about Gordon." She drew herself up a little. "I am to go to England—for the Khedive—to ask Gordon to save the Soudan."

"Then you've forgiven the Khedive?" he said with apparent innocence.

"I've no wish to prevent him showing practical repentance," she answered, keenly alive to his suggestion, and a little nettled. "It means no more slavery. Gordon will prevent that."

"Will he?" asked Kingsley, again with muffled mockery.

"He is the foe of slavery. How many, many letters I have had from him! It will save the Soudan—and Egypt, too."

"He will be badly paid—the Government will stint him. And he will give away his pay—if he gets any."

She did not see his aim, and her face fell. "He will succeed for all that."

"He can levy taxes, of course."

"But he will not—for himself."

"I will give him twenty thousand pounds, if he will take it."

"You—you!—will give him——" Her eyes swam with pleasure. "Ah, that is noble! That makes wealth a glory, to give it to those who need it. To save those who are

(Concluded on Page 19)

"I'LL TELL HIM, AND THEN GO"

THE PIT

A Romance of Chicago

By FRANK NORRIS
Author of The Octopus

Copyright, 1902, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTER—Laura Dearborn has just spent her first night at the opera. It has been a new world to her, a revelation of possibilities within herself she had not before imagined. She finds herself drawn in opposite directions by the attractions of Sheldon Corthell, the artist, a man of fine perceptions, delicate tact and keen intellect, and Curtis Jadwin, a figure of little grace but great strength and the dignity of command; and her distraction is typified to her by the contrast of the stage before her, beautiful and unreal, and the whispered echoes of the great Helmick failure she hears in scraps of conversation behind her—hints of unknown forces, present, vital and dramatic, the conflict of modern business life. The problem of Landry Court, her youngest and latest admirer, has hardly yet presented itself to her for serious consideration, but driving home in the slush and mist with Corthell, her sister Page beside her, and their aunt, Mrs. Wessels, facing them, she muses over her conflicting impressions, gratefully conscious of the hospitality of their hostess, Mrs. Cressler, and vaguely alive to the new life this unknown city of Chicago holds out to her.

CHAPTER II

LAURA DEARBORN'S native town was Barrington, in Worcester County, Massachusetts. Both she and Page had been born there, and there had lived until the death of their father, at a time when Page was ready for the High School. The mother, a North Carolina girl, had died long before.

Laura's education had been unusual. After leaving the High School her father had for four years allowed her a private tutor (an impecunious graduate from the Harvard Divinity School). She was ambitious, a devoted student, and her instructor's task was rather to guide than to enforce her application.

Moderately prosperous while he himself was conducting his little mill, Dearborn had not been able to put by any money to speak of, and when Laura and the local lawyer had come to close up the business, to dispose of the mill, and to settle the claims against what the lawyer grandiloquently termed "the estate," there was just enough money left to pay for Page's tickets to Chicago and a course of tuition for her at a seminary.

Fortunately, the two sisters were not obliged to live upon their inheritance. Dearborn himself had a sister—a twin of Aunt Wess'—who had married a wealthy woolen merchant of Boston, and this one, long since, had provided for the two girls. A large sum had been set aside, which was to be made over to them when the father died. For years now this sum had been accumulating interest. So that when Laura and Page faced the world, alone, upon the steps of the Barrington cemetery, they had the assurance that, at least, they were independent.

The Cresslers on the event of Dearborn's death had advised both sisters to come West, and had pledged themselves to look after Page during the period of her schooling. Laura had sent the little girl on at once, but had herself delayed.

Finally a house was bought on the North Side, and it was arranged that Aunt Wess' should live with her two nieces. Pending the installation Laura and Page lived at a little family hotel in the same neighborhood. The Cresslers' invitation to join the theatre party at the Auditorium had fallen, inopportunely enough, squarely in the midst of the ordeal of moving in.

The morning after the opera Laura woke with the depressing consciousness of a hard day's work at hand. Outside it was still raining, the room was cold, heated only by an inadequate oil stove, and through the slats of the inside shutters, which pending the hanging of the curtains they had been obliged to close, was filtering a gloomy light of a wet Chicago morning.

She sat up in bed, hugging her shoulders against the chill of the room and looking at her theatre gown that—in default of a clean closet—she had hung from the gas fixture the night before. From the direction of the kitchen came the sounds of the newly engaged "girl" making the fire for breakfast, while through the register a thin wisp of blue smoke curled upward to prove that the "hired man" was tinkering with the unused furnace.

In an adjoining room she heard Aunt Wess' stirring. She turned to Page, who upon the pillows beside her still slept, her stocking around her neck as a guarantee against drafts.

"Page, Page! Wake up, girlie. It's late, and there's worlds to do."

Page woke blinking.

"Oh, it's freezing cold, Laura. Let's light the oil stove and stay in bed till the room gets warm. Oh, dear, aren't you sleepy, and, oh, wasn't last night lovely? Which one of us will get up to light the stove? We'll count for it. Lie down, sissie, dear," she begged; "you're letting all the cold air in."

"NO MORE, LANDRY," SAID LAURA AT LENGTH; "THAT'S ALL THAT WILL GO HERE"

Laura complied, and the two sisters, their noses all but touching, the bedclothes up to their ears, put their arms about each other to keep the warmer.

Amused at the foolishness, they "counted" to decide as to who should get up to light the oil stove, Page beginning:

"Eeny—meeny—myny—mo——"

But before the "count" was decided Aunt Wess' came in, already dressed, and in a breath the two girls implored her to light the stove.

It was nearly ten o'clock before breakfast, such as it was, was over. They ate it on the kitchen table, with the kitchen knives and forks, and over the meal, Page having remarked, "Well, what will we do first?" discussed the plan of campaign.

"Landry Court does not have to work to-day—he told me why, but I've forgotten—and he said he was coming up to help," observed Laura, and at once Aunt Wess' smiled. Landry Court was openly and strenuously in love with Laura, and no one of the new household ignored the fact. Aunt Wess' chose to consider the affair as ridiculous, and whenever the subject was mentioned spoke of Landry as "that boy."

Page, however, bridled with seriousness as often as the matter came up. Yes, that was all very well, but Landry was a decent, hard-working young fellow, with all his way to make and no time to waste, and if Laura didn't mean that it should come to anything it wasn't very fair to him to keep him dangling along like that.

"I guess," Laura was accustomed to reply, looking significantly at Aunt Wess', "that our little girlie has a little bit of an eye on a certain hard-working young fellow herself." And the answer invariably roused Page.

"Now, Laura," she would cry, her eyes snapping, her breath coming fast—"Now, Laura, that isn't right at all, and you know I don't like it, and you just say it because you know it makes me cross. I won't have you insinuate that I would run after any man or care in the least whether he's in love or not. I just guess I've got some self-respect; and as for Landry Court, we're no more nor less than just good friends, and I appreciate his business talents and the way he rustles 'round, and he merely respects me as a friend, and it don't go any further than that. 'An eye on him,' I do declare! As if I hadn't yet to see the man I'd so much as look at a second time."

And Laura, remembering her Shakespeare, was ever ready with the words: "The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

Just after breakfast, in fact, Landry did appear.

"Now," he began with a long breath, addressing Laura, who was unwrapping the pieces of cut-glass and bureau ornaments as Page passed them to her from the depths of a crate—"Now, I've done a lot already. That's what made me late. I've ordered your newspaper sent here, and I've telephoned the hotel to forward any mail that comes for you to this address, and I sent word to the gas company to have your gas turned on——"

"Oh, that's good," said Laura.

"Yes, I thought of that; the man will be up right away to fix it, and I've ordered a cake of ice left here every day, and told the telephone company that you wanted a telephone put in. Oh, yes, and the bottled-milk man—I stopped in at a dairy on the way up. Now, what do we do first?" He took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and plunged into the confusion of crates and boxes that congested the rooms and hallways on the first floor of the house. The two sisters could hear him attacking his task with tremendous blows of the kitchen hammer.

He was meditating a phrase of which he purposed delivering himself when opportunity afforded. It had to do with Laura's eyes, and her ability of understanding him. She understood him; she was to know that he thought so, that it was of immense importance to him. It was thus he conceived of the manner of love-making. The evening before that palavering artist seemed to have managed to monopolize her about all of the time. Now it was his turn, and this day of household affairs, of little domestic commotions, appeared to him to be infinitely more desirous than the pomp and formality of evening dress and opera boxes. This morning the relations between himself and Laura seemed charming, intimate, unconventional, and full of opportunities. Never had she appeared prettier to him than when she came downstairs after having unpacked the cut-glass. She wore a little pink flannel dressing-sack with full sleeves, and her hair, carelessly twisted into great piles, was as in a beautiful disarray, curling about her cheeks and ears. "I didn't see anything of you at all last night," he grumbled.

"Well, you didn't try."

"Oh, it was the Other Fellow's turn," he went on. "Say," he added, "how often are you going to let me come to see you when you get settled here? Twice a week—three times?"

"As if you wanted to see me as often as that. Why, Landry, I'm growing up to be an old maid. You can't want to lose your time calling on old maids."

He was voluble in protestations. He was tired of young girls. They were all very well to dance with, but when a man got too old for that sort of thing he wanted some one with sense to talk to. Yes, he did. Some one with *sense*. Why, he would rather talk five minutes with her——

"Honestly, Landry?" she asked, as though he were telling a thing incredible.

He swore to her it was true. His eyes snapped. He struck his palm with his fist.

"An old maid like me?" repeated Laura.

"Old maid nothing!" he vociferated. "Ah," he cried, "you seem to understand me. When I look at you, straight into your eyes——"

From the doorway the cook announced that the man with the last load of furnace coal had come, and handed Laura the voucher to sign. Then it must needs be that Laura go with the cook to see if the range was finally and properly adjusted, and while she was gone the man from the gas company called to turn on the meter, and Landry was obliged to look after him. It was half an hour before he and Laura could once more settle themselves on the cushions in the parlor.

"Such a lot of things to do," she said; "and you are such a help, Landry. It was so dear of you to want to come."

"I would do anything in the world for you, Laura," he exclaimed, encouraged by her words; "anything. You know I would. It isn't so much that I want you to care for me—and I guess I want *that* bad enough—but it's because I love to be with you, and be helping you, and all that sort of thing. Now, all this," he waved a hand at the confusion of furniture, "all this to-day—I just feel," he declared with tremendous earnestness—"I just feel as though I were entering into your life. And just sitting here beside you and putting in these curtain hooks—it's inspiring to me. Yes, it is, inspiring; it's elevating. You don't know how it makes a man feel to have the companionship of a good and lovely woman."

"Landry, as though I were all that. Here, put another hook in here."

She held the fold toward him But he took her hand as their fingers touched and raised it to his lips and kissed it She did not withdraw it, nor rebuke him, crying out instead, as though occupied with quite another matter

"Landry, careful, my dear boy; you'll make me prick my fingers. Ah—there, you did."

He was all commiseration and self-reproach at once, and turned her palm upward, looking for the scratch.

"Um!" she breathed. "It hurts."

"Where now," he cried, "where was it? Ah, I was a beast; I'm so ashamed." She indicated a spot on her wrist instead of her fingers, and very naturally Landry kissed it again.

"How foolish!" she remonstrated. "The idea! As if I wasn't old enough to be——"

"You're not so old but what you're going to marry me some day," he declared

"How perfectly silly, Landry!" she retorted. "Aren't you done with my hand yet?"

"No, indeed," he cried, his clasp tightening over her fingers. "It's mine. You can't have it till I say—or till *you* say that—some day—you'll give it to me for good—for better or for worse."

"As if you really meant that," she said, willing to prolong the little situation.

"Mean it! Mean it!" he vociferated. "You don't know how much I do mean it. Why, Laura, why—why, I can't think of anything else."

"You!" she mocked. "As if I believed that. How many other girls have you said it to this year?"

Landry compressed his lips.

"Miss Dearborn, you insult me."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Laura, at last withdrawing her hand. "And now you're mocking me. It isn't kind. No, it isn't; it isn't *kind*."

"I never answered your question yet," she observed.

"What question?"

"About your coming to see me when we were settled. I *thought* you wanted to know."

"How about lunch?" said Page from the doorway. "Do you know it's after twelve?"

"The girl has got something for us," said Laura. "I told her about it. Oh, just a pick-up lunch—coffee, chops. I thought we wouldn't bother to-day. We'll have to eat in the kitchen."

"Well, let's be about it," declared Landry, "and finish afterward. Inwardly *I'm* a ravening wolf."

It was past one o'clock by the time that luncheon, "picked up" though it was, was over. By then everybody was very tired. Aunt Wess' exclaimed that she could not stand another minute, and retired to her room

Landry and Laura were in the library putting the books in place. Laura stood half-way up the step-ladder taking volume after volume from Landry as he passed them to her.

"No more, Landry," said Laura at length, "that's all that will go here."

She prepared to descend from the ladder. In filling the higher shelves she had mounted almost to the topmost step.

"Careful now," said Landry, as he came forward. "Give me your hand."

She gave it to him, and then, as she descended, Landry had the assurance to put his arm around her waist as if to steady her. He was surprised at his own audacity, for he had premeditated nothing, and his arm was about her before he was well aware. He yet found time to experience a qualm of apprehension. Just how would Laura take it? Had he gone too far?

But Laura did not even seem to notice, all her attention apparently fixed upon coming safely down to the floor. She descended and shook out her skirts

"There," she said, "that's over with Look, I'm all dusty

There was a knock at the half-open door. It was the cook

"What are you going to have for supper, Miss Dearborn?" she inquired. "There's nothing in the house"

"I'll invite you all out to dine with me," announced Landry. "I know a place where you can get the best steak in America. It has stopped raining. See?"—he showed her the window

"But, Landry, we are all so dirty and miserable."

"We'll go right now and get there early. There will be nobody there, and we can have a room to ourselves. Oh, it's all right," he declared. "You just trust me."

"We'll see what Page and Aunt Wess' say. Of course Aunt Wess' would have to come"

"Of course," he said. "I wouldn't think of asking you unless she could come."

A little later the two sisters, Mrs. Wessels and Landry came out of the house. Their car, or rather their train of cars, coupled together in threes, in Chicago style, came, and Landry escorted them downtown. All the way Laura could not refrain from looking out of the windows, absorbed in the contemplation of the life and aspects of the streets.

Chicago, the great gray city, interested her at every instant and under every condition. As yet she was not sure that she liked it; she could not forgive its dirty streets, the unspeakable squalor of some of its poorer neighborhoods that sometimes developed, like cancerous growths, in the very heart of fine residence districts. The black murk that closed every vista of the business streets oppressed her, and the soot that stained linen and gloves each time she stirred abroad was a never-ending distress.

But the life was tremendous. All around, on every side, in every direction the vast machinery of Commonwealth clashed and thundered from dawn to dark and from dark till dawn Even now, as the car carried her farther into the business quarter, she could hear it, see it, and feel in her every fibre the trepidation of its motion. The blackened waters of the river, seen an instant between stanchions as the car trundled across the State Street bridge, disappeared under fleets of tugs, of lake steamers, of lumber barges from Sheboygan and Mackinac, of grain boats from Duluth, of coal scows that filled the air with impalpable dust, of cumbersome schooners laden with produce, of grimy rowboats dodging the prows and paddles of the larger craft, while on all sides, blocking the horizon, red in color and designated by Brobdingnagian letters, towered the hump-shouldered grain elevators.

Just before crossing the bridge on the north side of the river she had caught a glimpse of a great railway terminus. Down below there, rectilinear, scientifically paralleled and squared, the Yard disclosed itself. A system of gray rails beyond words complicated opened out and spread immeasurably. Switches, semaphores and signal towers stood here and there. A dozen trains, freight and passenger, puffed and steamed,

"MISS DEARBORN, YOU INSULT ME"

waiting the word to depart. Detached engines hurried in and out of sheds and roundhouses, seeking their trains, or bunted the ponderous freight cars into switches; trundling up and down, clanking, shrieking, their bells filling the air with the clangor of tocsins. Men in vizored caps shouted hoarsely, waving their arms or red flags; drays, their big dappled horses feeding in their nose bags, stood backed up to the open doors of freight cars and received their loads. A train departed roaring. Before midnight it would be leagues away boring through the Great Northwest, carrying Trade—the life-blood of nations—into communities of which Laura had never heard. Another train, reeking with fatigue, the air-brakes screaming, arrived and halted, debouching a flood of passengers, business men, bringing Trade—a galvanizing elixir—from the very ends and corners of the continent.

Or, again, it was South Water Street—a jam of delivery wagons and market carts backed to the curbs, leaving only a tortuous path between the endless files of horses, suggestive of an actual barrack of cavalry. Provisions, market produce, "garden truck" and fruits, in an infinite welter of crates and baskets, boxes and sacks, crowded the sidewalks. The gutter was choked with an overflow of refuse cabbage leaves, soft oranges, decaying beet tops. The air was thick with the heavy smell of vegetation. Food was trodden under foot, food crammed the stores and warehouses to bursting. Food mingled with the mud of the highway. The very dray horses were gorged with an unending nourishment of snatched mouthfuls picked from backboard, from barrel-top, and from the edge of the sidewalk. The entire locality reeked with the fatness of a hundred thousand furrows. A land of plenty, the inordinate abundance of the earth itself emptied itself upon the asphalt and cobbles of the quarter. It was the Mouth of the City, and drawn from all directions, over a territory of immense area, this glut of crude subsistence was sucked in, as if into a rapacious gullet, to feed the sinews and to nourish the fibres of an immeasurable colossus.

Suddenly the meaning and significance of it all dawned upon Laura. The Great Gray City, brooking no rival, imposed its dominion upon a reach of country larger than many a kingdom of the Old World. For thousands of miles beyond its confines was its influence felt. Out, far out, far away in the snow and shadow of Northern Wisconsin forests, axes and saws bit the bark of century-old trees, stimulated by this city's energy. Just as far to the southward pick and drill leaped to the assault of veins of anthracite, moved by her central power. Her force turned the wheels of harvester and seeder a thousand miles distant in Iowa and Kansas. Her force spun the screws and propellers of innumerable squadrons of lake steamers crowding the Sault Sainte Marie. For her and because of her all the Central States, all the Great Northwest roared with traffic and industry; sawmills screamed; factories, their smoke blackening the sky, clashed and flamed; wheels turned, pistons leaped in their cylinders; cog gripped cog, beltings clasped the drums of mammoth wheels; and converters of forges belched into the clouded air their tempest breath of molten steel.

It was Empire, the resistless subjugation of all this central world of the lakes and the prairies. Here, midmost in the land, beat the Heart of the Nation, whence inevitably must come its immeasurable power, its infinite, infinite, inexhaustible vitality. Here, of all her cities, throbbed the true life—the true power and spirit of America; gigantic, crude with the crudity of youth, disdaining rivalry; sane and healthy and vigorous; brutal in its ambition, arrogant in the new-found knowledge of its giant strength, prodigal of its wealth, infinite in its desires. In its capacity boundless, in its courage indomitable; subduing the wilderness in a single generation, defying calamity, and through the flame and the débris of a Commonwealth in ashes, rising suddenly renewed, formidable and Titanic

Laura, her eyes dizzied, her ears stunned, watched tirelessly.

"There is something terrible about it," she murmured, half to herself, "something insensate. In a way, it doesn't seem human. It's like a great tidal wave. It's all very well for the individual just so long as he can keep afloat, but once fallen, how horribly quick it would crush him, annihilate him—how horribly quick, and with such horrible indifference! I suppose it's civilization in the making, the thing that isn't meant to be seen, as though it were too elemental, too—primordial; like the first verses of Genesis."

The impression remained long with her, and not even the gayety of their little supper could altogether disperse it. She was a little frightened—frightened by the vast, cruel machinery of the city's life, and of the men who could dare it, who conquered it. For a moment they seemed, in a sense, more terrible than the city itself—men for whom all this crash of conflict and commerce had no terrors. Those who could subdue it to their purposes, must they not be themselves more terrible, more pitiless, more brutal? She shrank a little. What could women ever know of the life of men, after all? Even Landry, extravagant as he was so young, so exuberant, so seemingly innocent—she knew that he was spoken of as a good business man. He, too, then had his other side. For him the Battle of the Street was an exhilaration. Beneath that boyish exterior was the tough coarseness, the male hardness, the callousness that met the brunt and withstood the shock of onset.

Ah, these men of the city, what could women ever know of them, of their lives, of that other existence through which—freed from the influence of wife or mother, or daughter or sister—they passed every day from nine o'clock till evening? It was a life in which women had no part, and in which, should they enter it, they would no longer recognize son or husband, or father or brother. The gentle-mannered fellow, clean-minded, clean-handed, of the breakfast or supper table was one man. The other, who and what was he? Down there in the murk and grime of the business district raged the Battle of the Street, and therein he was a being transformed -case-hardened, supremely selfish, asking no quarter; no, nor

(Continued on Page 19)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Love is great, good and beautiful, but it hates arithmetic.

¶It makes little difference what has been in the empty pocketbook.

¶Vacation weather generally begins after the close of vacations.

¶When a man knows what he does not know he begins to learn.

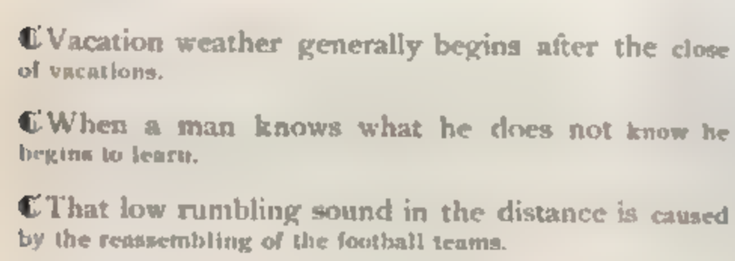
¶That low rumbling sound in the distance is caused by the reassembling of the football teams.

¶No mental process is so rapid as the decision of the average man to remain home from church on a rainy Sunday morning.

¶The prediction of Russell Sage that $10-a-ton coal is a sign-post on the road to revolution gives rise to the awful suspicion that Russell has no coal on hand.

The Kindness That Kills

IT HAS been only fifteen years since a few young Americans from various parts of the country began to spend their summer vacations at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. They were young; they were poor; they were obscure; they were hard-worked, and hard-working as well; they were profoundly indifferent to money or money-gain; they were not even bothering especially about fame. They had as their common bond a passion for science. They had as their common aim the satisfying of that divine curiosity which makes the man who has it toil incessantly and unweariedly over ways more arduous and through wildernesses more danger-beset than those that baffled the seekers after the Holy Grail. They longed—these earnest, poor, obscure, young Americans—to penetrate to Nature's innermost laboratory, her workshop of workshops, her temple of temples, and there surprise her supreme secret—the mystery of the origin of life.



Fifteen summers of this pursuit, free from self-seeking or sordidness or jealousy, free from fame's flatteries and envy's invitations, and now the Marine Biological Laboratory of Woods Hole is famous wherever the human intellect is respected. Its Knights of Science have not yet reached their goal—their Holy Grail. But under the inspiration of the triple vow of Science for her Knights—poverty, self-immolation and obedience to truth—they have had adventures and have made discoveries so strange, so passing strange, so wonderful that all Americans are intensely proud of this American institution at once small and majestically great.

It is proposed to endow this little laboratory with part of the Carnegie millions and to erect it into a rich and aristocratic palace of science. At first glance the proposal seems as admirable as the purpose that prompted it. And yet —

This is a day when the magnificent and philanthropic generosity of our multi millionaires is so pouring out the millions that it looks as if presently the necessity for struggle, the incentive to struggle, in the development of brain power, would be almost wholly removed.

Though we appreciate this munificence and its high inspiration, we still ought not for an instant to forget that in the real progress of the race wealth in possession has played a very small part—has more often interfered to blight than to bless. Wealth possessed means ease, and power without effort, and a sense that the goal has been reached. It means the mind at rest, tending to sloth and slumber, with life's greatest fears and greatest incentives removed. Above all, it means an atmosphere of self-complacency and satiety and languor that insensibly relaxes the strongest fibre.

Wealth has not made the great pictures or paintings, has not written the great books or achieved the great discoveries, nor erected the great institutions, nor evolved any of the glories of the emancipation of man, social, political, industrial. All these we owe to men in whom the wealth-getting instinct was at most a shriveled rudiment. Wealth did not build this Republic to its present majesty; Pliny the younger said—and said truly—that wealth had ruined Rome.

Carnegie millions may help to keep a-burning the light in that plain little temple of science at Woods Hole—may, if judiciously used. But not if they stifle the splendid, self-sacrificing, self-unconscious enthusiasm which set that light a-blazing. The lesson is wider than the instance—far wider.

Wealth is a boon, let us admit. It is a dangerous boon, when earned. When *conferred*, it is—almost fatal. It is no substitute at all for proud, independent self-help. There is significance for us in the historic fate of the rich nation and the rich church and the rich business house and the rich family.

The beacon at Woods Hole is in danger from its friends.

Old Friends in New Clothes

A FEW days ago every newspaper in the United States was having its own fun with the Southern farmer who declared that bee stings had cured his rheumatism. It was hailed as a new remedy. It appealed to the humor of the nation. But it wasn't new. It was a hundred years old at the least. And it has been coming back in new clothes about every ten years. Bob Burdette wrote his best and funniest story about it. And other stories on the same old bees are going the rounds at this very time. Then the bachelor tax began its innings, hailed as another new idea. Much fun is poked at the single men. Bachelors ought to be taxed, say some. Bad bachelors assent, saying bachelorhood is worth it. New idea? Bless you, no! There were taxes on bachelors nearly two centuries ago—and in some of the American Colonies at that. But who need complain when Mark Twain himself has declared that his celebrated jumping frog contest is thousands of years old?

This novelty-seeking age demands new ideas. Brave men and women try to supply the call—and thus the insane asylums are overcrowded. The yellow journals flaunt their originality—but the first yellow journal, the very beginning of modern journalism, began centuries ago, and Renaudeau, its editor, had pawnshops to help along the circulation and the King of France to contribute personal paragraphs. Think what that would do to-day! A live King and a string of pawnshops ought to be worth a five-million circulation.

Out in Ohio the Honorable Tom Johnson is canvassing the State in a big circus tent. Old idea, but it's a bigger tent this time. In Tennessee a candidate fiddled himself into a Governorship. Men did the same years and years ago. Even the Grand Duchess who kissed a plebian for his vote comes back every campaign or so.

They are all welcome. But when these old friends return their clothes should be really new; there should be no patches, no old made-over garments. There should be the best of style, for good style is what this generation wants.

Hustle and Happiness "East of Suez"

OUR English friends who helped to get us into the Philippine muddle now tell us that we are making a grave mistake in our management of the islands. We are teaching the natives to govern themselves, which Asiatics are not fitted to do, and we are keeping out the Chinese who would "develop" the country faster than the Filipinos ever will. But what is "development"? Well, the introduction of railroads, for one thing, so that the people may be able to get about more rapidly. But suppose they do not happen to want to get about. Suppose they do not have the Chicago ideal of hustle as a means of happiness.

Might they not possibly enjoy as much felicity under those conditions as if they were shooting from Dagupan to Bongabong with their eyes full of cinders, in mad pursuit of nothing in particular? If a man is happy where he is, why should we insist upon taking him somewhere else? A hot-air furnace is an excellent thing in Maine, but there is no great demand for it in the Philippines. Perhaps there may be no greater demand for some of the other things that we are accustomed to consider indispensable modern improvements, and in that case "development" might be merely another name for "exploitation," a thing from which Governor Taft has formally pledged us to abstain.

How the X's Educate

A SINGULAR fact in the history of a prominent Philadelphia family is little known to the public. For three generations no boy belonging to the X's has gone to school or to college. They believe that originality and strength are destroyed in the child that is trained in a class. To give it a chance for full growth, its idiosyncrasies must be studied by men wise enough to check or develop them. The X's, fortunately, have had money enough to carry out this theory with their boys.

We may laugh at their theory. But is there nothing in it?

Just now, in September, is the time to inspect our methods of education. Schools are opening from sea to sea; millions of children are marching into them. The nation smiles approval. Education is our fetich, and the sight of countless little descendants of Englishmen, Irishmen, Gauls, Negroes, Huns and Jews destined to as countless differing occupations in life, and mastering them all from the same pages of the same half-dozen books, is, in our eyes, a glimpse of the millennium.

Some grumbler now and then, however, suggests that there is too much keeping step—too much marching in cohorts. Is human nature, he asks, really developed best in a lump?

Our grandfathers grew singly. A godly father, a praying mother, incessant naggings at home, a half dozen books worn out by many readings—all these influences made an individual of each boy, distinct from his fellows.

But, nowadays, the American infant is born one of a gang. He does not lie in his mother's arms absorbing her love and her peculiarities and those of her race. He is fed, with ten thousand other babies, on the same Warranted Compound of sugar and starch.

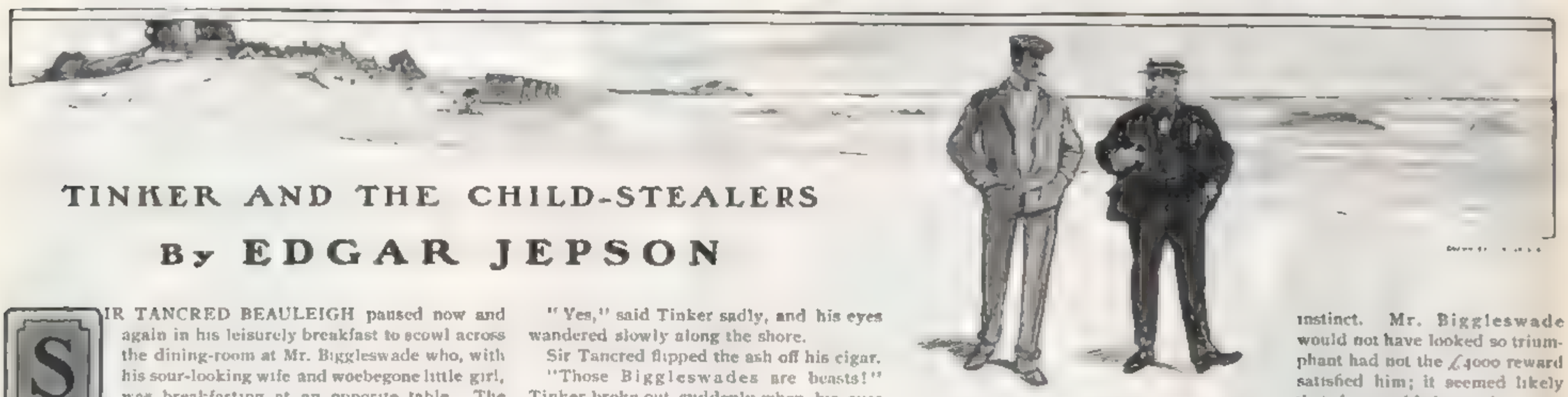
In the Kindergarten these ten thousand human beings are taught to think and work alike.

When he reaches manhood he does not gain separate personality. He is one of a party, a Union, a Trust, a Combine. He has force or meaning in the world only as a member of a body. He does not live in a home, he boards in a hotel, his wife divides herself among many clubs. He has no old book for a friend to turn to when he is alone; the forty screaming voices of the Sunday paper are his only literature. There are no poor cripples or orphans who turn to him for help and a kind word. He sends a check once a year to the Organized Charities and so washes his hands of the poor. Indeed, all of his thinking and feeling are done by some organized body or other. He recognizes bits of himself in all the doings of the Mine Operators or the G. A. R.

The theory of the X's is that each human being has a right to an individual, full development. We throw all of our children into the one hopper—as bits of flint are rolled and rolled together to make round, dull marbles—all alike, and, all alike, of little value.

We laugh at the X's. But are we wise?

THE ADMIRABLE TINKER



TINKER AND THE CHILD-STEALERS

By EDGAR JEPSON

SIR TANCRED BEAULEIGH paused now and again in his leisurely breakfast to scowl across the dining-room at Mr. Biggleswade who, with his sour-looking wife and woebegone little girl, was breakfasting at an opposite table. The Royal Victoria Hotel was second-rate, the cooking was poor, the wine was bad, and Solesgate itself was dull; these misfortunes Sir Tancred would have endured cheerfully because the place suited his son, Hildebrand Anne, commonly known as Tinker, who was recovering from an attack of scarlet fever; but he could not endure Mr. Biggleswade. It was not so much that he had reckoned up Mr. Biggleswade as a large, fat, greasy rogue, nor was it that no snub once and for all stopped Mr. Biggleswade from thrusting himself upon him with a snobbish obsequiousness; it was Mr. Biggleswade's noisy and haphazard methods of disposing of his food, which left small portions of each course nestling in his straggling beard and filled the air with the sound of feeding. This Sir Tancred found unendurable, and the more unendurable that Mr. Biggleswade enjoyed his meals in the presence of a baronet, and always waited for his coming.

Sir Tancred was eating his breakfast mournfully therefore, reflecting on the unkindness of Fortune who had afflicted Tinker with his fever at so inconvenient a time. For he had not been able to raise the money to have him make his convalescence at one of the more expensive watering places. He had been driven to bring him to Solesgate, a town of six bathing-machines; and there the rest of his ready money had dwindled to a few shillings. A sudden cessation of the sound of the feeding caught him from his mournful reflections. He looked up quickly to see Mr. Biggleswade staring at his newspaper with a most striking expression of triumphant greed.

On the instant Sir Tancred filled with the liveliest interest. Emotion, especially curious emotion, in his fellow-creatures always aroused his interest, and not infrequently brought him profit; and Mr. Biggleswade's emotions seemed to him very curious indeed to be excited by the perusal of a newspaper. He made half a movement to show it to his wife, caught Sir Tancred's eye, and setting it down went on hastily with his breakfast. He had not been so quick but that Sir Tancred had seen that the paper was the Daily Telegraph and the exciting paragraph on the first page.

Sir Tancred brightened to the rest of his breakfast; he had little doubt that he was on the track of some roguery or other, and he promised himself an interesting hunt through the paper till he found it. When the Biggleswades, having finished their breakfast, went down to the beach, he lighted a cigar, took his deck-chair and his pile of newspapers and settled down sixty yards away from them. As he had expected, their first act was to discuss the newspaper with great animation, handing it backward and forward to one another. And he took the Daily Telegraph from his pile and set about seeking the source of their excitement. He passed over the first advertisement in the agony column, the offer of a reward for the recovery of the stolen child of Kernaby, the Chicago millionaire, merely noting that it had been raised to £4000, and came to the conclusion that the second advertisement was genuine, while the third, which set forth at great length the woes of a young woman parted from a young man, seemed to him to read very like thieves communicating. He had begun to eliminate the superfluous words, when Tinker, with Blazer, his bull-terrier, came suddenly up to him from behind and bade him good-morning.

Tinker had breakfasted some three hours earlier, probably in the hotel kitchen, for, as was his invariable custom, he was on the best of terms with the servants; and, for all that he had spent the intervening hours on the uncovered slimy rocks, was in his usual state of spotless cleanliness. He is the one living boy to whom dirt does not cling.

"How have you been amusing yourself?" said his father, his stern face lighting up with a delightful smile.

"I'm still teaching Blazer to be a bloodhound. He's slow — very slow." Blazer cocked an apologetic ear, and sniffed.

"It must be tiring work."

"Yes," said Tinker sadly, and his eyes wandered slowly along the shore.

Sir Tancred flipped the ash off his cigar.

"Those Biggleswades are beasts!" Tinker broke out suddenly when his eyes fell on them. "They treat that little girl of theirs shamefully! When I went to bed last night she was crying again. She always is. I don't believe she's their little girl at all. I believe they've stolen her."

"The deuce!" cried Sir Tancred, and catching up his Daily Telegraph he read again the Kernaby advertisement. It ran.

£4000 REWARD. £4000 REWARD
£4000 REWARD

The above sum will be paid to any person giving information leading to the recovery of Elizabeth E. Kernaby, aged seven years. She strayed or was stolen in Kensington Gardens between the hours of 10 and 11 A. M. on the 19th ultimo. She is fair, with blue eyes and long flaxen hair; speaks with a lisp, and answers to the name of Bessie. Any person bringing information to Messrs. Datchett & Hobbs, 127, Lincoln's Inn Fields, or to Mr. Joseph W. Kernaby, 11a, Cadogan Square, will receive

£4000 REWARD £4000 REWARD
£4000 REWARD

He laid the paper on his knee and began to consider the facts of the abduction as he remembered them from the newspaper reports. The girl's nurse had taken her to Kensington Gardens where she had foregathered with the little daughters of Sir William Uglow. The children's play had little by little drawn them away from their gossiping nurses, right out of their sight; and when their nurses went to look for them they found only the little Uglows. Elizabeth Kernaby had gone. The children said that a tall gentleman had come to them, and, telling her that mamma had sent him for her, had taken her away in a cab. The nurse had thought it strange, but suspected nothing wrong till she reached home and found that Elizabeth had not returned. She did not return; and since that day, in spite of all the efforts of Scotland Yard and the Private Detective Agencies, nothing had been seen or heard of her. The reward offered for her recovery had risen from £1000 to £4000.

It had been a crime of a masterly simplicity and Sir Tancred had been sure that the child would not be forthcoming till the reward satisfied the cupidity of the child-stealers. He had reason to believe that the present reward did satisfy the cupidity of the child stealers, and, after a thoughtful glance at the Biggleswades, he turned to Tinker; Tinker could be of great help to him.

"Do you remember my telling you of a little girl, Elizabeth Kernaby, who was stolen a week or two ago?" he said.

"Elizabeth Kernaby, aged seven, blue eyes, long flaxen hair, speaks with a lisp, and answers to the name of Bessie," said Tinker glibly in the manner of one reciting a lesson.

"Quite right," said Sir Tancred approvingly; "you'll be another Sherlock Holmes some day. Well, I have reason to believe that the little girl with the Biggleswades is Elizabeth Kernaby."

Tinker's face brightened, and he said: "Her eyes are blue, but her hair is black, and it's not very long."

"Hair can be dyed."

"Yes; and it doesn't match her face"

"It doesn't, doesn't it? Well, I want to know if she lisps and if she answers to the name of Bessie. You will find out"

"Yes; I'll find out. But Mrs. Biggleswade never lets her speak to any one. I must think it out."

With that Tinker sat down, set his elbows on his knees, his chin on his hands, and plunged into deep thought. His father sat equally thoughtful; and their similar employment brought out extraordinarily their strong likeness, for all that Tinker was a fair, angel child, with lips like Cupid's bow, and his father's face as dark and proud and stern as Lucifer's.

For a long while neither said a word nor moved. Sir Tancred was trying to see how to work the affair on seven shillings and debating whether to call in the help of the police. Instinct assured him that he had no time to lose, no time to walk to Beachley and pawn his watch, that he must not lose sight of them; and in delicate matters he relied chiefly on instinct. Mr. Biggleswade would not have looked so triumphant had not the £4000 reward satisfied him; it seemed likely that he would leave for town that very day. On the other hand, Sir Tancred was averse to going to the police: he knew what the provincial police were. What was excellent evidence to him would seem no evidence at all to them, and they would move too late, or, if they moved in time, would muddle the whole business and let the Biggleswades know that they were suspected. Besides, it hurt his self-love to seek aid. No; the proper game was abduction from the abductors; and he had seven shillings to play it with.

Suddenly Tinker stirred. "I'm going to try now," he said.

Sir Tancred looked at the Biggleswades. Mr. Biggleswade lay sprawled on his back, a handkerchief spread over his face, and mellowed by the distance the music of a long-drawn snore murmured over the sands. Mrs. Biggleswade was nodding over a book.

Tinker rose, bade Blazer stay where he was, and walked off toward the hotel. Sir Tancred twisted round his chair, tore a hole in his Daily Telegraph, and watched him. Tinker fetched a circuit to within a hundred yards of the backs of the Biggleswades, threw his straw hat on the sand, and became an Indian brave. He dropped on his stomach and began to squirm along toward them, taking advantage of every ridge and hollow. It was a long business, but at last he lay in a hollow thirty yards away. He raised his head cautiously, and in a low, clear voice said, "Bessie!"

The little girl sprang to her feet and stared about her wildly. Tinker dropped his head and lay still. Mrs. Biggleswade, roused from her napping, caught the child by the arm and, shaking her, said savagely.

"Sit down, you little brat! Keep quiet!"

The child sank down and began to cry.

Tinker lay still for a while, and then began to squirm away. When he reached his hat he rose to his feet, knocked the sand off his clothes and walked slowly back to his father.

"She answers to the name of Bessie, sir," he said quietly.

"Good," said Sir Tancred, and he rose.

They walked down to the railway station, and on the way Sir Tancred informed Tinker that he was to take Elizabeth Kernaby up to London, to 11a, Cadogan Square, and at a cost of six out of his seven shillings bought two half third class tickets to London. On their way back he learned, no less to his surprise than his joy, that Tinker was the possessor of eighteen-pence. To make assurance surer, therefore, he bought a basket of strawberries, and when the Biggleswades returned to the hotel for lunch they found the Beauleighs on the porch eating them.

"Would you like some strawberries, little girl?" said Tinker as they passed, and he held out the basket to the child.

"Yeth, pleath," she said, and stepped forward to take one.

"No, no, Keziah," broke in Mrs. Biggleswade; "you know they don't agree with you!" And she caught her away and hurried her into the hotel.

"Children like sweet things; but they sometimes don't agree with them," said Mr. Biggleswade sapiently, his loose and flabby bulk swelling yet bigger at the thought that he was speaking to a member of the aristocracy.

"That is very true," said Sir Tancred pleasantly.

Surprised by this affability, but swift to seize on a conversational opening with a baronet, Mr. Biggleswade stayed talking with him on the porch; he talked to him all luncheon-time and he talked to him on the sands after luncheon. His unbridled appetite for the society of the aristocracy proved his undoing. For at a few minutes to three Sir Tancred proposed a stroll along the shore. They went slowly, Mr. Biggleswade rising to the great social occasion for which he had so long hankered, and proving himself in his talk a thorough man of the world. As they passed round the promontory at the end of the little bay Sir Tancred took out his handkerchief. Tinker was awaiting the signal, impatient but cool; and as they passed out of sight he began to steal up behind the drowsy Mrs. Biggleswade, and presently, touching the child on the shoulder, he beckoned her to come with him.

She looked timidly at Mrs. Biggleswade, whose eyes were closed, and rose. Tinker drew her quietly away. They had

Editor's Note—This is the second of four stories, each complete in itself, of the adventures of The Admirable Tinker. The third will appear in an early number.

RADCLIFFE is the shoe of the day. Its popularity increases every month because its merits appeal to the great masses of sensible women who want their feet shod beautifully, stylishly, comfortably and *economically*. It has always been easy to get fine shoes if you paid a fancy price. Radcliffe Shoes, for the first time, make it possible to buy stylish shoes *and save a dollar on every pair*

$2.50 a pair

[illegible] a pair of Radcliffe Shoes at your [illegible]. They are made in all stylish [illegible] and leathers, and on the Radcliffe system of [illegible]

[illegible] Radcliffe Shoe Dressing

THE RADCLIFFE SHOE COMPANY
Dept. 20, Boston

not gone twenty yards when a jerking nod awoke Mrs. Biggleswade, and she missed her charge. She scrambled up, turned and saw her, and cried

"Come here, you naughty girl! Come here at once!"

"Are you Besste Kernaby?" said Tinker to the child

"Yeth, yeth," she said, turning to go to her tyrant

Tinker gripped her arm and cried, "Pstt! Pstt! Hold her, Blazer! Hold her!" and waved him at Mrs. Biggleswade

Blazer darted forward, growling with a fine show of teeth. Mrs. Biggleswade, like a wise woman, stood stock-still and sent a shrill scream ringing down the shore, and another, and another, and another

Tinker caught Elizabeth's hand and cried "Come on! Come on! We've only just time to catch the train!" And the two children set off running to the station. On the edge of the sands Tinker stopped for a moment, whistled shrilly, brought Blazer racing after them, and ran on again. He could hear the far-away rattle of the express.

Mr. Biggleswade was too deeply engrossed in his talk with Sir Tancred to notice the first half dozen screams from his wife; and they came faintly round the promontory. Then he heard them, said, "By Jove, that's Maria!" and started to run back. Sir Tancred ran by his side. When they came round the promontory they saw Mrs. Biggleswade waving frantically toward the station, and half-way to it two little figures running. Mr. Biggleswade showed himself a man of action. He swung round, and with the swiftness of an accomplished boxer dealt Sir Tancred an unexpected blow on the side of the head which knocked him over half stunned, and almost in the same movement started to run after the children. He was half a mile from them, and they were less than a quarter of a mile from the station, but naturally he ran much faster.

As the children reached the platform the express steamed in, Tinker hurried his prize into an empty third-class carriage in the fore part of the train, and pushed the ticketless Blazer under the seat. Then he put his head out of the window, and saw to his disgust Mr. Biggleswade, his coat-tails flying, two hundred yards from the station, yelling lustily, but making a very good pace indeed for his flabby bulk. The doors were shutting and Tinker watched the guard breathlessly. When he whistled, Mr. Biggleswade had yet fifty yards to go. At the sound he yelled louder than ever and made a tremendous spurt. The train was well on the move when he rushed into the station, but he dashed at a compartment in the last carriage, wrenched the door open, scrambled on to the footboard, and tumbled in amidst the shouts of the indignant porters.

Tinker drew in his head with a blank face. It had been no part of his father's plan that Mr. Biggleswade should travel by the same train to London; and his heart sank a little. But remembering Blazer his spirits rose, and he turned to the little girl with a cheerful face. She was panting, crying and wringing her hands in a paroxysm of nervous excitement. He sat down beside her, thumped her on the back—a way he had with tearful females—wiped away her tears with his handkerchief, and poured comforting assurances of safety into her ears

When at last he had soothed her he began to question her, and drew from her the story of her captivity. She had driven miles and miles with the gentleman who had fetched her from Kensington Gardens to a little house in a long street. There she had found the Biggleswades. Mrs. Biggleswade had taken away her nice clothes and dressed her in these things. Then she had cut off her hair

"I was wondering about your hair," interrupted Tinker

For answer the little girl lifted up her black locks, hat and all, displayed a fuzzy little fair poll underneath them, and let them drop on it again

"I see," said Tinker, and he went on with his questioning

She had stayed with the Biggleswades, shut up in a room upstairs, she did not know how many days, and then they had come down to Solesgate. All the while Mrs. Biggleswade had been very unkind to her, and slapped her whenever she cried for her mother

The remembrance of her misfortunes set her crying afresh, and Tinker again consoled her. His consolation was so effective that when she was soothed she said, "I guess when we grow up I'll let you marry me."

Tinker did not like her way of putting it; it seemed to show a lack of proper respect. He drew himself up a little stiffly and said

IF YOU ARE GOING AWAY
THIS WINTER, WRITE TO THE

Hamburg-American Line

for information about their

SELECT WINTER CRUISES

varying in duration up to 74 days. They take you by their magnificent cruising steamers

"Moltke," "Auguste Victoria" and "Prinzessin Victoria Luise"

to the principal points of the

Mediterranean, the Orient, the West Indies
(Including a view of ruins in Martinique and St. Vincent)
The BLACK SEA, the Crimea, and the Caucasus

relieving you of all discomforts of frequent changes, poor accommodations, etc.

Their cruises are patronized by the very highest class of tourists, and you are, therefore, assured of congenial travelling companions. During the last 14 years the HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE has successfully carried out annual cruises to all parts of the world, and the experience they have thus gathered redounds to the benefit of the tourist

NO OVERCROWDING

DON'T FAIL to send for itineraries, rates, pamphlets, programmes, etc., giving you complete information

Address Cruise Dept.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

35-37 Broadway, New York — 70 State Street, Boston
1229 Walnut St. Philadelphia — 106 N. Broadway St. Louis
118 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
159 Randolph Street, Chicago
401 California St., San Francisco

GOERZ
International Prize
Competition

$1500 in Cash Prizes

or equivalent in GOERZ manufactures if preferred

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

C. P. Goerz Optical Works
Room 32, 52 E. Union Sq., N. Y.

Main Office, BERLIN—FRIEDENAU—GERMANY
Branches, LONDON—36 Holborn Circus
PARIS—41 Rue de L. Entrepot

Rattan Box Couch

Light in weight, very strong, graceful and clean. Hand woven of finest imported rattan. Fitted with casters. Well lined. Dust proof, self-ventilating. Keeps contents in perfect condition. Sold on approval, freight prepaid. Direct from factory to you. No Dealers or Agents.

WE MAKE TO ORDER anything in Rattan or Willow. Write us for catalogue of Settees, Couches, Hoods, Trunks, etc.

RATTAN NOVELTY CO., 231 East South St., Indianapolis, Ind.

ED. PINAUD'S
LATEST MASTERPIECE
BRISE EMBAUMEE VIOLETTE
PERFUME

THIS perfume so closely resembles the fragrance of the living violet that it is impossible to tell them apart. Smallest size original bottle containing two ounces $4 each. Sold at first-class establishments. Write for free sample to

Ed. Pinaud's Importation Office
[illegible] 14th Street, New York

A UNITED STATES WALL MAP

FREE This handsome county map 48 x 36 inches, is mounted on rollers, ready to hang on the wall. It is printed in colors, is thoroughly up to date and is particularly interesting and valuable, as it shows in colors the different divisions of territory in America acquired since the Revolution. The original thirteen States, Louisiana purchase, the Texas annexation, the Gadsden purchase, the cession by Mexico and the Northwest acquisitions by discovery and settlement. It will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage to pay for packing and transportation. P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. B. & Q. Ry. Co., 209 Adams Street, Chicago.

$200.00 FOR STORIES

[illegible] write a story? We are offering $[illegible] for [illegible]. No entrance fee. We want the best class of stories and pay high prices for them. *Write for letter of particulars. Enclose stamp for reply.*

G. F. TERRY, 525 Temple Court, N. Y. City

PAYS to write for our 250-page free book. Tells how men with small capital can succeed with MAGIC LANTERN or STEREOPTICON

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

Trial Lessons Free In Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Penmanship

Address: Williamsport Commercial College
Mail Department — Williamsport, Pa.

$3000.00 — Rochester N.Y. Aug 1 1902

Bausch & Lomb Lenses and Shutters
SOLD ROUND THE WORLD

Pay to The Best Photographers in the World Three Thousand 00/100 Dollars

NOTICE. The amount of this check will be placed at the disposal of competent judges to be awarded to the best photographic [illegible] with Bausch & Lomb Lenses and Shutters submitted for judgment on or before January 1, 1903. Glasses for all kinds of work and for Kodak, Premo, Poco and other hand cameras with B. & L. Lenses being provided.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
who will send full information on request.

Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase

Capable of Varied and Artistic Arrangement

And then the comfort of having a case that always accommodates your books—that can be enlarged at small expense as your books increase. When starting a sectional bookcase be careful to get the original, the best, the "Elastic" bookcase, which is not only the best but the cheapest. Fitted with perfection, dust-proof, roller bearing doors and made in a variety of sizes and finishes. Carried in stock by principal dealers in large cities, or direct from factory. "G. W." pays the freight.

Ask for Catalogue D-102.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
CINCINNATI

NEW YORK—380-388 Broadway
CHICAGO—224-228 Wabash Avenue
BOSTON—91-93 Federal Street
LONDON—44 Holborn Viaduct, E. C

Are You Traveling in a Circle?

If an employee, is your present business situation satisfactory? Are you receiving the maximum salary for the maximum work you can accomplish?

If an employer, are you looking for an all-round, capable man or a specialist of any kind?

Our business brings high-grade employees and employers together. We find positions and furnish capable executive and scientific men at short notice. Write for our booklet

The Hapgood Bureau
Registration for Business Men
357 Broadway, New York

Bargain Leather Novelties

...direct to the user, we... we make in a bar... this set of ivory... Playing Cards... leather case... 75c... Money back...

Write for our free ... illustrated ... value of everything you need in small leather goods and save money.

BLEDINGEN MFG. CO., 55 Platt St., Rochester, N. Y.

STARK TREES (Largest Nursery) **SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL**

Fruit Book Free. Result of 70 years experience

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo., Dansville, N. Y.

"I'm afraid that's impossible. I am engaged to two girls already."

"To two?" said Elizabeth. "How are you going to marry two?

"They live in different places," said Tinker with a conclusive air. "Besides one of them may die before then."

The little girl tried to puzzle it out, then she began to babble of her mother, and after a while worn out by conflicting emotions, she nestled up against him and went to sleep. It gave him peace to plan an escape from Mr Biggleswade. After pondering the matter he decided that he and Blazer were a match for him, and held the child more comfortably to him

It seemed to him a long journey, and when the express ran into London he awoke Elizabeth and told her that Mr. Biggleswade was on the train, and they must make a bolt for the cab. She turned frightened and once more began to cry. He had barely braced her to the effort when the train ran into Victoria. Before it had stopped he was out of the carriage helping her down. They ran toward the barrier, but the platform was long and Elizabeth was slow. While they were still thirty yards from it Mr. Biggleswade was on them. With a savage blow he sent Tinker flying, caught up the child, and crying loudly, "The nearest hospital! The nearest hospital! My little girl! My little girl!" dashed on, every one making way for him.

Tinker picked himself up, bolted after him, hissing on Blazer, leapt flying on to his back, and locked his arms round his neck in a strangling grip, as the bull-terrier buried his teeth in his calf. Mr. Biggleswade dropped Elizabeth and tore viciously at Tinker's hands. The passengers and porters came crowding round, and the moment the throng was thick enough Tinker dropped to his feet and gripped Elizabeth by the arm, shouting, "Police! Police!"

Mr. Biggleswade struggled to choke Blazer off his leg

A police inspector pushed through the crowd and cried

"What's all this?"

"The young rascal has enticed away my little girl, and brought her up to London!" cried Mr. Biggleswade, who had divested himself of Blazer and was holding him off by the collar, and with the other hand he grabbed at Elizabeth

"It's a lie!" cried Tinker, as the inspector grasped his shoulder. "This is Elizabeth Kernaby! He stole her!" And on the words he jerked off her hat and wig

At the sight of the fuzzy little bare poll light slowly dawned on the inspector; but even more quickly Mr. Biggleswade had seen that the game was up, flung Blazer away from him, and had bolted through the barrier. The inspector rushed after him, but Blazer, who apparently had not had enough of Mr Biggleswade's calf, outstripped him, and pinned the fugitive on the very step of a hansom

When Tinker and Elizabeth, escorted by an excited and applauding crowd, came out of the station they found Mr. Biggleswade, the inspector, two constables, and Blazer in a tangled, battling group. Tinker saw his chance of escaping any further aid from the police, thrust Elizabeth into a hansom, gave the cabman the address, whistled Blazer out of the fight, and drove off amid the cheers of the crowd, before the inspector had his attention released from Mr. Biggleswade

Tinker's hands had been torn by the savage rascal, and on the way to Cadogan Square he was busy staunching their bleeding. By tearing his handkerchief in two he managed with Elizabeth's aid to bandage both, but he was vexed that they must make such an unpleasant appearance before her relatives. When they reached Cadogan Square he paid the cabman and rang the bell, but when the door opened Elizabeth assumed the leadership. She caught his hand, dragged him past the astonished footman, hurried him up the stairs, and burst with him into a drawing-room where half a score mournful people were discussing over their tea further measures for her recovery

"I've come back, Mamma! And this is Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh!" cried Elizabeth

In a breath Mrs. Kernaby had her in her arms there were screams and pantings, and a handing to and fro of smelling-salts Every one was hugging Elizabeth or shaking hands with Mr Kernaby or slapping one another on the back and assuring one another that they had always said so Tinker watched their exuberance with some distaste, which redoubled when Elizabeth's tangled and incoherent tale drew upon him the embraces of half a dozen animated and highly scented

Ralston HEALTH Shoes $4.

For Men and Women

The only shoe with specially constructed winter sole, keeps the feet warm and dry

Union Made

COMFORT WITH STYLE

Send for free catalogue of latest shapes

If not ... with any of our agencies write for address of nearest dealer or you can order by mail. Delivered anywhere, express prepaid, $4.25. We agree to satisfy you or refund money sent.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
885 Main Street, Campello, Mass

It Won't Shrink!

Boil it any number of times. That is the *only* way underwear can be *thoroughly* cleansed. Can you do this with wool? As warm as wool and much more healthy and comfortable is

Belfast Mesh

Linen Underwear That Wears Well

Send for our handsome and convincing book—mailed free. It explodes the "wool for warmth" theory.

For sale by the best dealers or sold direct by us

THE BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR CO.
339 Mechanic Street, Pennsylvania, N. Y.

One dollar is all!

Ridpath's History of the World

A single Dollar (if you act at once) is all it will cost you to secure possession of RIDPATH'S History of the World. A great big set of 9 Royal Octavo volumes with 4000 illustrations, and many maps and color plates. The rest you pay in monthly payments of $2 each.

AT 40% OFF

IF YOU'D like to own the best World's History in existence,—a history that's as interesting as a story-book and almost as reliable as the law of gravitation,—send for the free prospectus and specimen-page book to-day, using the coupon in the corner

We've a pamphlet, prepared by the publishers of the history, which tells just what the work is, how it came to be written, and the sort of readers it aims to entertain and interest. This pamphlet also contains specimens of the illustrations and text pages, and if you're interested, and mail us the coupon, we'll send it to you free of cost.

Reading that pamphlet will settle in your mind, once for all whether you need the history or not and you'd best settle it now and secure the set at 40 per cent under regular price before the close of the Wanamaker History Club.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE.

With out cost to me please send ... Name ... Address ...

John Wanamaker
PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

SAID
THE
ROSEBUD
TO
THE
VIOLET—
"THE
FAIRIES
ARE
FEASTING
ON

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers."

A FAIRY SANDWICH
MADE IN MANY
FLAVORS.

NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY

LABOR SAVING BECAUSE BALL-BEARING
BALL-BEARING
Arlington FOR $19.75
DIRECT FROM FACTORY

$19.75

Latest Swell Front

Embodies every valuable feature of sewing machine construction and speed efficiency contained in any machine which costs you twice to three times as much when purchased through middlemen.

Perfect double lock stitch, disc tension—all modern improvements; most complete set of highly polished, nickel steel foot attachments. Finest automatic lift and drop cabinet—lifts and drops machine by the mere touch of the hand. Finished in select Oak, [illegible] swell front, [illegible] Ball-Bearing stand, [illegible] easiest and most perfect running [illegible] saving, noiseless. Equal in every respect to the best machines made.

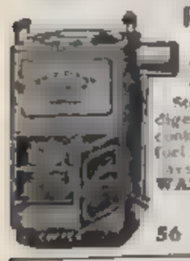
Three Months' FREE TRIAL
Guaranteed 20 Years

We can furnish you almost ANY KIND OR STYLE of machine at a SAVING of $10 to $45

Money Back If Not Satisfied

If you wish to try the ARLINGTON [illegible] Big Free Illustrated Catalog [illegible] from

CASH BUYERS' UNION (Inc.), Dept. S 464, Chicago



Reduces Your Fuel Bills 50%
WHEN YOU USE OUR
Perfect Steam Cooker With Doors

Steam-cooked foods are healthful and more digestible than boiled or baked. Large meat cooked over one burner. Wonderful saving of fuel and labor. Book Free. Special rate for ten days' trial on any [illegible]. AGENTS WANTED. Liberal [illegible]

OHIO STEAM COOKER CO.
56 Ontario Building, Toledo, Ohio

LAW TAUGHT BY MAIL. Lessons [illegible] the direction of Howard [illegible] Ph. D., LL. D., Pres. of Ill. College of Law, [illegible] Chicago. University methods. Combine [illegible] by mail. Write University [illegible]

Extension Law School, Dept. S, 113 Clark St., Chicago

ladies of the kind who haunt the houses of unprotected millionaires. When at last quiet was restored he told his story, omitting as many of his own doings as were not absolutely necessary to make it clear, in a fear lest they should provoke another outburst of embraces

When it was clearly understood that he was the son of Sir Tancred Beauleigh, Mr. Joseph W. Kernaby shook him warmly by the hand, and said

"Young sir, you are a hero; and you and any member of your distinguished and elegant family shall always meet with a warm welcome under this humble roof."

But Elizabeth plucked at her mother's arm, and said

"Mumma, he says he can't marry me when he grows up, 'cause he's engaged. I guess you'll make him, won't you?" The ladies laughed and made many witty remarks, under cover of which Tinker begged Mr. Kernaby to wire to his father the news of his safe arrival. It was done at once, and a doctor was summoned to dress his wounded hands.

Meanwhile Sir Tancred, as soon as he found that Mr. Biggleswade had caught the express, had hurried, in a devouring anxiety, to Beachley, where dwelt a pawnbroker, and having pawned his watch had taken the next train to town. His anxiety was relieved at Victoria by the news of Mr. Biggleswade's capture. When he arrived at Cadogan Square he found Tinker—who after his exhausting labors had done perfect justice to an excellent tea—giving a detective from Scotland Yard an account of the Biggleswades. When he had corroborated it, the detective said that Mr. Biggleswade would get five years' penal servitude; and the event later proved him right

Sir Tancred found that there was no getting away from the grateful Kernabys, but after the cooking of the Royal Victoria Hotel he was more than ready for a good dinner. He found in them a strong disposition to adopt Tinker forthwith, and before the end of the dinner he found them no less ready to adopt him, too. But it could not be.

As he drove away with Tinker to the Carlton he crinkled the millionaire's check in his pocket, and said

"Four thousand pounds is a good day's work; but I spent the most horrible hours of my life wondering if that brute had got into the same compartment with you. None of the fools at the station could tell me." And he shivered

"I was afraid you'd be anxious, sir," said Tinker, patting his arm. "But I think that Blazer and I could have dealt with him."

Then he gave Blazer, who, distended by the fat of the land, was snoring heavily in the bottom of the cab, a gentle kick, and said with a sad severity:

"I shall never make a real bloodhound of him; bloodhounds leap at a man's throat, they don't collar him by the leg."

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

(Concluded from Page 7)

was a heap of trouble coming to little Bud if he had made any mistake and was still alive.

The Widow found her "lost lamb" hiding behind a rain-barrel when she opened up the house next morning, and there was a mighty touching and affecting scene between them In fact, the Widow must have touched him at least a hundred times, and every time he was affected to tears, for she was using a bed slat, which is a powerfully strong moral agent for making a boy see the error of his ways. And it was a month after that before Bud could go down Main Street without some man who had called him a noble little fellow, or a bright, manly little chap, while he was drowned, reaching out and fetching him a clip on the ear for having come back and put the laugh on him

No one except the Widow ever really got at the straight of Bud's conduct, but it appeared that he left home to get a few Indian scalps, and that he came back for a little bacon and corn pone.

I simply mention the Widow in passing as an example of the fact that the time to do your worrying is when a thing is all over, and that the way to do it is to leave it to the neighbors. I sail for home to-morrow, but I shall spend a week or two smelling around the New York and Philadelphia houses before coming on to Chicago.

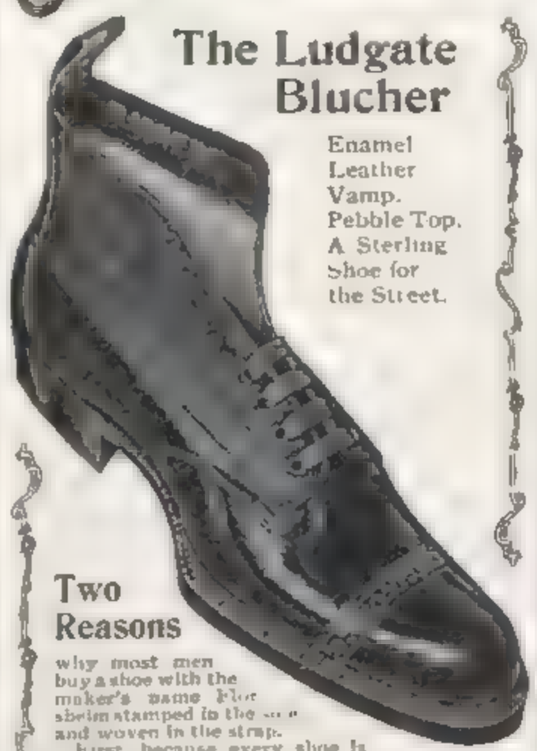
Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM

The Florsheim SHOE

The Ludgate Blucher

Enamel Leather Vamp. Pebble Top. A Sterling Shoe for the Street.



Two Reasons

why most men buy a shoe with the maker's name Florsheim stamped in the [illegible] and woven in the strap.

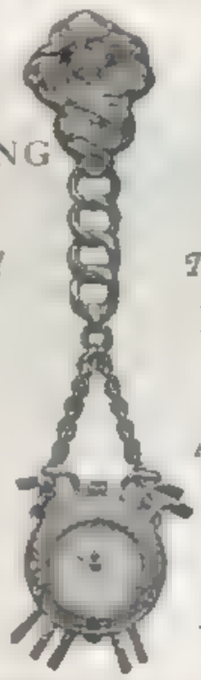
First, because every shoe is made over a foot fitting anatomical last.

[illegible] pair of The Florsheim Shoe costs you [illegible] pair and is worth double [illegible]

Florsheim & Co., Chicago

The Florsheim "WET DEFY" shoe [illegible] entirely water-proof—can be purchased of your dealer. $6.00 per pair.

NEW ENGLAND
Chatelaine Belt Watches
ARTISTIC STYLES AND DESIGNS
FOR
LADIES' STERLING GRAY *Warranted* Nine Illustrated Sent on FOR BY LEADING



WEAR SILVER FINISH *Timekeepers* Designs Booklet Application SALE ALL JEWELERS

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.
NEW YORK 9 Maiden Lane *CHICAGO* 127 Wabash Ave. *SAN FRANCISCO* [illegible]

NO RANGE ADVERTISED EQUALS THIS
Full Weight, Blue Polished Steel Range sent on
30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Our "Grand Union" as illustrated, the [illegible] range [illegible] blue polished steel, full size, full weight, full [illegible] [illegible] guaranteed for twenty years. Saves cost in one year. [illegible] Sent on any [illegible] ASK AGENTS WANTED. Liberal [illegible]

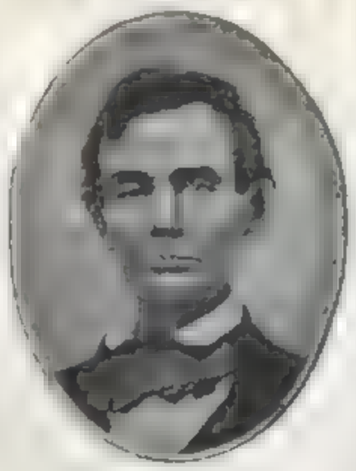
$65 [illegible] $17.95

BURNS LESS—COSTS LESS—LIVES LONGEST

CASH BUYERS' UNION Dept. L 464, CHICAGO

FOR CAPITALISTS Exceptional bargain in St. Paul business Property. 100 x 150 [illegible] story stone block, central, [illegible] facilities. $2.50 per sq. ft. Net for 22 years have times been so favorable for St. P. Realty Investments. HOME REALTY CO., St. Paul, Minn.

SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS



to cover postage and the

LINCOLN HISTORY SOCIETY

will mail you the following *free of cost:*

(1.) A beautiful photogravure copy of the earliest portrait of Abraham Lincoln, enlarged from the original daguerreotype now in possession of the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln

(2.) Fac-simile of Lincoln's marriage license.
(3.) Fac simile of check drawn by Lincoln.
(4.) Ten Lincoln anecdotes.
(5.) Description of scene in his nomination in 1860.
(6.) A Lincoln story.

All the above material is taken from the new

Life of Abraham Lincoln
By IDA M. TARBELL

just published by this Society. This offer is made to enable us to send full information regarding it to Lincoln admirers in each locality

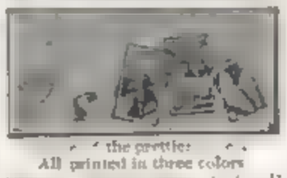
This offer is not made to agents or for agents, but to responsible history and book-lovers only

Send name, address, and six cents in stamps to pay postage, to

The Lincoln History Society
150 Fifth Avenue New York

Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Whole Year for 25 Cents



For a limited time only a whole year's subscription to

Redfield's Magazine

will be sent to any address [illegible]

[illegible] the prettiest [illegible] All printed in three colors

25 Cents

[illegible], Splendid Stories, Great [illegible] printed, beautifully illustrated, the best family [illegible] published. Standard [illegible] size. Artistically [illegible] cover designs in three colors.

[illegible] Redfield's [illegible] 25c for a Whole Year's Subscription

REDFIELD'S MAGAZINE, 91 Redfield Bldg., Smethport, Pa.

We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful
BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

[illegible] Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 5, 233 So. 6th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

WE WANT A MAN IN EACH COUNTY OF THE U. S.

To manufacture and promote the sale of our Patented Okey Burial Vaults. We are offering to men of integrity and push an excellent opportunity to own a manufacturing business at home. Only small capital required. Large profits. Write to-day for particulars and Factory Prospectus. Address

OKEY BURIAL VAULT CO., Incorporated
202 Law Building INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CRACKS IN FLOORS

are permanently and easily filled with Grippin's Wood, Crack and Crevice Filler and patent applier. Before [illegible] Original [illegible] GRIPPIN MFG CO. Department K Newark, New York

Agents Wanted to sell a splendid line of Flavoring Extracts, Perfumes, Baking Powder, Tooth Powder, Chewing Gum, etc., direct to consumers. Good work for both men and women. Send for price list and instructions.

The O. K. Chemical Co., 4212 Crusoe St., Philadelphia

GINSENG [illegible] thousands of [illegible] worth. Roots and seeds for sale. Send 4c for postage and get our booklet telling all about it.

McDOWELL Ginseng Garden, Joplin, Mo., U. S. A.

300 FOREIGN STAMPS, 10c. 104 varieties from Malta, Bulgaria, India, Mexico, [illegible] U. S. 10c. 40 [illegible] 15 [illegible] 10c. 32-p. list free. Agents wanted and give 50 per cent. discount

L. CROWELL STAMP CO., 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

EVERY LITERARY CLUB MEMBER

needs our year book. A postal brings it, and if you find it the best hand-book for literary club workers you ever saw, send us [illegible]

SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU, 9 University Building, N. Y. City

A barrel of Monkeys

is pretty funny, but not more so than our clever puzzle

"The Changing Faces"

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT:

"The most mysterious thing I ever saw, and very fitting that it should be distributed by the makers of the best shaving soap in the world."

"The greatest puzzle of the century."

"A wonderful piece of ingenuity."

"Every one is mystified, and no one is able to see how the change is made."

"I puzzled over it nearly all one forenoon, before I tumbled to the trick. It's the slickest thing I ever saw."

This puzzle

FREE

for 2c stamp to cover cost of mailing.

Address Department 11.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Glastonbury, Conn.

CHESTER "EVERLASTIC" SUSPENDER

SLIDING LINK MEETS EVERY SHOULDER MOTION

IT STRETCHES FROM TIP TO TIP

SENT FREE

We will mail FREE, one of our full size Graduated Elastic Cord Ends, which give more stretch after the web has lost its elasticity than a new pair of ordinary suspenders.

The web stretches. The ends (front and back) stretch. Also look at the patent link. A strong and serviceable suspender.

Money Refunded

If you don't find it the most perfect in adjustment and the most elastic suspender ever made.

PLEASE DON'T

let your dealer sell you something "just as good" if you really want the Chester "Everlastic." He has them in stock or can easily get them. If he won't, send us the retail price (50c) and we will send a pair postpaid. State color preference.

Send for handsome booklet.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.
25 Decatur Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.
Canadian Factory, Brockville, Ontario.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all affections of the skin.

"A little higher in price than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after shaving.

GET MENNEN'S (the original)

Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., 10 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

100 VISITING CARDS Post Paid 35c

Latest Styles. Name and address. Samples Free. Agents wanted. Wedding Invitation samples 5c.
McLEOD & STEVENS, Dept. S, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Between the Lines

AS A CONTRAST to Mr. David Graham Phillips' brilliant pictures of multi-millionairedom in New York there may be room for a little sketch which might be called "The Poet's Corner." Over to the eastward of the once fashionable Stuyvesant Square and the Second Avenue which once held the promise of a Fifth Avenue there is a row of tiny houses flanked by the tenements which make up the larger part of the great East Side. The first of these little houses has been the home of a poet and his poet-wife for perhaps a generation. Wholly removed from the insistent business life and feverish gayety of the metropolis they have dwelt here among their books and literary treasures, leading a life so detached and so different in atmosphere from that of Broadway that to one coming from without there was a sense of unreality. . The few friends who had the privilege of admission to the little library on the second floor heard reminiscences of Poe and Bryant and Bayard Taylor, and the talk turned backward to Keats and Shelley, but there was nothing to suggest the rush and roar of the metropolitan life outside. Wall Street, the latest case of Morganization of industries, the newest of Midas' palaces, the opera, the last fashionable extravagance, were never mentioned. In this out-of-the-world corner dedicated to books and literary memories have lived a true poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, and his wife, Elizabeth Stoddard, poet and novelist, who lately passed away.

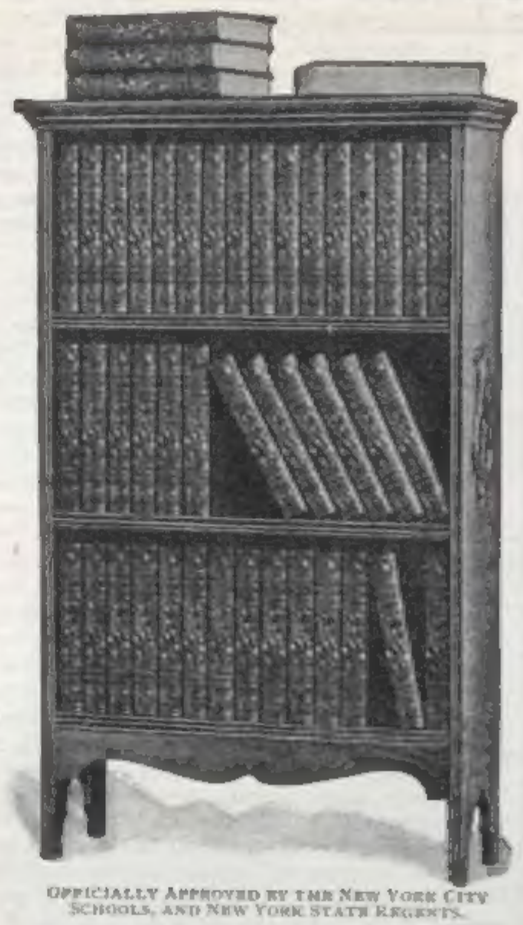
Mrs. Stoddard was a daughter of the New England coast, with a keen wit, independence and originality as bracing as the sea breezes of her early home at Mattapoisett. All her married life, nearly fifty years, she had been in touch with those who maintained the best traditions of American letters. The library where the poet and his wife have been wont to sit is lined with books, many of them rare editions or presentation copies, and with portraits of authors, including one of Thackeray, accompanied by an autograph poem which hangs above the poet's desk. And the talk of the two occupants, the woman quaint of wit, the man delightful in his dry humor, full of apt recollections and abounding in happy quotations, always modest to the verge of humility and always courageous in face of bitter trials—this was not the talk of the marketplace, but rather that of ambrosian nights.

Hawthorne's Tribute to Mrs. Stoddard

Mrs. Stoddard's strong novel, The Morgesons, was republished last year. In connection with this edition she gave a sketch of her literary beginnings which had the flavor of the quaint unexpectedness of her speech. It was on a day very many years ago when Mr. Stoddard was absent at the Custom House and she was sitting at her desk at home that she began to write almost by chance, and her recollection of a Thanksgiving festival of her childhood presently took form on paper.

The sketch was accepted by Harper's Magazine, and a second story, after a rejection by Harper's, was accepted by Mr. Lowell, then editor of the Atlantic. With this encouragement she began The Morgesons, and, as she said, "everywhere I went, like Mary's lamb, my manuscript was sure to go. I may say that the clans I marshaled for my pages had vanished from the sphere of reality—in my early days the village 'Squire, peerless in blue broadcloth, who scolded, helped and advised his poorer neighbors; the widows or maidens who, accepting service 'as a favor' often remained a lifetime as friend as well as 'help'; the race of coastwise captains and traders, from Maine to Florida, as acute as they were ignorant; the rovers of the Atlantic and Pacific, were gone never to return."

This tale of the Mattapoisett region on Buzzard's Bay was followed by two other novels, Two Men, and Temple Castle, written during and after the Civil War, and by a book of poems. Nathaniel Hawthorne read The Morgesons and wrote Mrs. Stoddard, offering some slight criticism, and adding, "Otherwise it seemed to me as genuine and lifelike as anything that pen and ink can do. There are very few books of which I take the trouble to have any opinion at all, or of which I could retain any memory so long after reading them as I do of The Morgesons." One hesitates to write so personally at this time, and yet it is well that a word should be said of the life of letters as well as the life of commerce, and in the history of American letters these two figures dwelling apart from metropolitan currents will live when the successful speculator of to-day is forgotten even by the successful



OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS, AND NEW YORK STATE REGENTS.

The Kind of Reading the Busy Man Likes

For the man of affairs, with countless calls upon his time, the hours for reading are few, and, therefore, should be well spent. They could not be better utilized than in company with the WARNER LIBRARY. Summing up, as it does, the best literary thought of the whole world, it is indispensable as a reference work for the hurried moments of the day, and a source of quiet, pleasurable reading at night. These long winter evenings will be enjoyable with WARNER.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage said:

"The volumes composing THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE form in themselves a valuable library."

The Late Vice-Pres. Hobart said:

"It is a pleasure to commend THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE, so admirably edited and selected as to meet all the requirements of its title. It is a most valuable addition to my library, and I prize it highly."

The Famous Warner Library of The World's Best Literature

(IN 40 SUPERB ROYAL OCTAVO VOLUMES)

THE WORK OF 300 EMINENT LITERARY SPECIALISTS

Assisting Charles Dudley Warner were Hamilton Wright Mable and 300 other editors, critics and scholars. In a series of splendid essays by the greatest living writers, every great author is discussed. With this immense work at hand no one need ever plead ignorance of any literary subject.

THE BEST OF FICTION, HUMOR, POETRY, SCIENCE, ETC.

The *Warner Library* contains 20,000 pages of fiction, humor, science, philosophy, travel, essays, letters—in a word, all the best and lasting literary thought of sixty centuries. In poetry alone nearly 1000 complete masterpieces are given. The *Library* also includes a complete course of reading. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated.

Less Than Half Former Prices

On account of our superior advertising facilities we were able to secure control of the entire "Memorial Edition"—newly revised and enlarged, and will supply these splendid sets at only a fraction above factory prices—*less than one-half* the publisher's prices of the work. We will also accept

Small Monthly Payments

So small that you will not feel the outlay. But prompt action is needful, as the demand for this new edition is already very large.

Send This Free Inquiry Coupon To-Day

Cut This Out

INQUIRY COUPON

The American Newspaper Association,
91-93 Fifth Ave., New York.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me without cost, booklet and full particulars in regard to the Memorial Edition of the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BUREAU

How Far Do You Walk in a Day?

The American Pedometer

TELLS YOU

It registers every step you take.
It is to the pedestrian what the cyclometer is to the bicyclist.

People in all walks of life should have one. Carry a pedometer and you will be astonished at the distance you walk. The American Pedometer is equal to any imported pedometer which sells for from $4.00 to $15.00. It is the only pedometer made in this country, and we guarantee it equal to any in the market. It can be regulated to accord with the step of the wearer. It is about the size of a ladies' watch, and is carried in the pocket like a watch. Every one fully guaranteed. Price only $1.00 each. If your dealer does not handle this pedometer send us $1.00 and we will mail one to you prepaid. Address

THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER CO., Dept. 2
46 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y., or New Haven, Conn.

Blizzard Proof

Wool fleece inside. Close woven outside. Wears like iron, warm and comfortable as an old coat. Jacket and lining woven together. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets. Wear with or without an overcoat.

PARKER'S ARCTIC JACKET

"ARCTIC" Trade-Mark Registered

For sportsmen, policemen, letter carriers, drivers and all who face the cold. Ask your own dealer for it. Sent postpaid on receipt of $2.25. JOHN H. PARKER, Dept. 57, 103 Bedford St., Boston

Kitchen Utensils HAVING THIS TRADE MARK

ARE SAFE.

NO POISON

Has Ever Been Found in the Enamel of Agate Nickel-Steel Ware

The BLUE LABEL

Protected by Decision of United States Court, pasted on every piece,

PROVES IT

If substitutes are offered, write us. New Booklet Free.

Agate Nickel-Steel Ware is sold by the leading Department and Housefurnishing Stores.

Lalance & Grosjean Mfg. Co.
New York, Boston, Chicago.

Short Stories sold on commission and syndicated. 1,000 buyers on our list. Instruction given by mail in Short Story Writing, News Correspondence and Reportorial branches. Send for free booklets—tell how to start right. Address,

United Press Syndicate, 640 Majestic Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper. Press $5. Larger size, $18. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, etc., to factory.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

Art Students SHOULD KNOW the way our students succeed under our correspondence system. Full particulars of our method of criticism, record of our students, with reproductions of work free to any address. Personal instruction also.

N. Y. SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING, 1512 Broadway, N. Y.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt *Writes to* The Sunday School Times

"I am glad to learn of the Special Rally Day of the American Sunday-school workers to be held in the near future for the purpose of outlining the winter's campaign in Bible study and character training.

"Every effort looking to improvement in methods for Bible study and instruction should of course be most earnestly supported. The Sunday-school workers are entitled to the hearty support of all well-wishers to the nation."

Very sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Copies of this letter, handsomely printed, with a portrait of the President, will be mailed to any address at the rate of 10c. for twelve copies, 40c. for fifty copies, 75c. for one hundred. Just the thing for distribution in your class or Sunday-school.

The Sunday School Times Company

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Booth Tarkington's New Novel

THE TWO VANREVELS

This story of Indiana life in the late 40's combines the virility of "The Gentleman from Indiana" with the charm of "Monsieur Beaucaire."

ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS BY HENRY HUTT

On sale at all booksteres Oct. 2. $1.50

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO., New York

$25,000 PROFIT from half an acre of Ginseng

was made in one year. Demand is increasing. Easily grown and hardy everywhere in the United States and Canada. Can be grown in small gardens as well as on farms. Most profitable crop known. Cultivated roots and seed for sale. Send four cents to help pay postage and get our complete book telling all about this wonderful GINSENG.

CHINESE-AMERICAN GINSENG CO.

Department D JOPLIN, MO.

California Resort Before deciding where to spend the winter write for free illustrated booklet about California's most attractive winter resort, situated in nature's health-giving wonderland; Mineral water and baths.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS, Byron Hot Springs P. O., California

speculator of to-morrow. "To observe anything like counterparts to the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard," said Mr. E. C. Stedman recently, "one must go back to the Old World, to the traditions of Charles and Mary Lamb, the Brontes, the Howitts, the Shelleys and the Brownings." "The most picturesque couple in America" was the title aptly bestowed by Mr. Stedman upon these two faithful representatives of the life of letters.

Recollections of Citizen Train

It is an abrupt transition to that curious and almost forgotten figure, George Francis Train, who has been dictating his recollections at the Mills Hotel. As a matter of fact, his life has been a remarkable one with its succession of experiences as shipping agent, railroad builder, builder of street-car lines, a factor in the construction of the Union Pacific and of Omaha, more or less of a communist in Paris, and an active expositor of "psychic telepathy." The announcement may cause a smile in some newspaper offices which have been inundated at one time or another with communications from the so-called "philosopher of Madison Square." It was his habit in summer years ago to sit in the Square clothed in white which contrasted sharply with his bronzed face and to communicate distantly—lest contact should cause psychic disturbances—with the children who surrounded him. Once upon a time a certain Doctor Tanner undertook to fast forty days and nights at a hall in New York, and probably did so, to the immense edification of the populace. Train, a great newspaper reader, promptly came to the fore and bombarded "Citizen Doctor" Tanner with postal cards of which the following is a sample:

No. 23. BAD SIGNS AND DANGER SYMPTOMS

Citizen Doctor Tanner: Psychology sees Breakers ahead! Your cold and hot changes are bad symptoms! The Liverpool stowaway lived thirteen days *sans* food and fresh air, but died on landing. The hundred thousand volumes of medical books and pamphlets in National Medical Library contain no such record as your Past! No wonder winter clothes swelter you! Mine weigh one pound! I sleep eight hours *sans* nightshirt next open window! Should you have lockjaw, bathe in milk twice daily! I can fast a year by absorption through seven million pores! Your fast was life-saving instinct that prevented apoplexy! Chinese opium eaters live weeks *sans* food. They become skeletons, as you will *sans* water!

G. F. T.

Doubtless this quotation will serve as a sample of Citizen Train's mental activity at the time of the Tanner fast. He describes himself now as "through Psychic Telepathy doubling age. Seventy-four years young."

Mr. Wister's Faithful Pictures

It is said that certain folk of the far West complain that Mr. Owen Wister sees them through Eastern eyes, but on the other hand he is said to have received many letters assuring him of the fidelity of his brilliant pictures. Among the various story-tellers who have sought Western themes, Lew Wallace, Janvier, Mrs. Foote, Hamlin Garland, Frank Norris, and a multitude of others, Mr. Wister with his Virginian has probably won as large a success as any author since Bret Harte. Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be among the first to applaud the triumphant progress of this fresh, strong tale with its delightful flavor and piquant intermingling of incident and humor. It was one of the cases of good fortune in disguise that soon after his graduation from Harvard Mr. Wister's ill health sent him to a Wyoming ranch on the North Platte, the first of many visits to Western ranches, first for health and later for hunting and the pleasure of the life. If law has lost, literature has gained by the fascination which the author of The Virginian has found in the life of cowboys, Indians and army posts. With the "certain condescension toward foreigners" which lingers among English literary critics, although English business men are learning a different attitude, some of the reviewers across the water find fault with Mr. Wister for choosing a title so closely akin to Thackeray's Virginians. Probably the author takes this criticastering no more seriously than the American Winston Churchill took certain English comments upon his name, which seemed to be regarded as an impropriety because there was an English Winston Churchill much in evidence. But the seal of English approval is no longer necessary for books or for names and titles.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

PAGE-DAVIS CO. CORPORATE SEAL CHICAGO, ILL.

"Under Oath"

is the title of a very interesting package of affidavits from the students and graduates of the Original Page-Davis School of Advertising.

These sworn statements from employed graduates and satisfied students speak more convincingly than anything we might here add.

They tell how we practically and thoroughly teach this modern and fascinating study BY CORRESPONDENCE. They tell of the progress and great help it has been to them not only in their present positions but as an aid to take up a larger and more profitable line of usefulness.

Advertisement writing is conceded to be an important part of every young man's business training and without this knowledge you are decidedly handicapped.

"Fowler's Publicity," the famous $15.00 encyclopedia of Advertising, covering over 1000 pages, size 8 x 11, and weighing ten pounds, is given away absolutely free with a full paid course in this school.

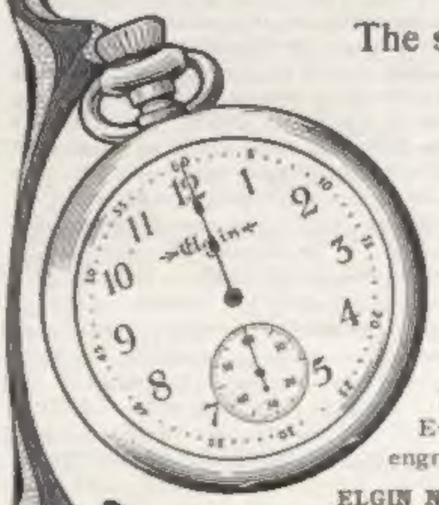
This package of affidavits and our large 64 page prospectus will be mailed you free on request. It is certainly worth your while sending for it.

Notice to Employers	*Concerns throughout the country desirous of engaging capable advertisement-writers are requested to communicate with us. This service is gratis.*

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY

SUITE 18 90 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO

All Hands On Time



The second hand, the minute hand, the hour hand, run in unison on an

ELGIN Watch

Perfect in construction; positive in performance. Every genuine Elgin has the word "Elgin" engraved on the works. Illustrated art booklet free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Ill.

A Perfect Form

SEND FOR *"The Standard Chart of Physical Culture"*

You hang it on the wall of your bed-chamber. It shows by carefully prepared illustrations and instructions the scientific methods by which you can easily develop each and every part of your body to the ideal of perfection. Sent on receipt of 10 cents (stamps or coin). State sex and occupation. Address

Fifth Ave. School of Physical Culture

134 Fifth Avenue New York

Moving Picture Machines STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. Our Entertainment Supply Catalog and special offer fully explains everything, sent free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY

225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.

GUYOT BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent, finest publication ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Can You DRAW FUNNY Pictures? Or if you would like to draw them, write for our beautiful colored publication containing famous artists' photos and free lessons No. 9.

DAN McCARTHY, Director,

National School of Caricature, 3 World Building, New York City

3500 Boys

Are acting as selling agents for

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On Friday afternoons and on Saturdays

To any boy who wants to try the plan we will send, ENTIRELY WITHOUT CHARGE, 10 copies of next week's issue, for him to sell at 5 cents each. This will provide capital with which to start—after that as many copies as you wish at the special wholesale price. In October $225.00 in extra cash prizes will be given to 126 boys who do particularly good work.

If you will try the experiment write to us and we will send next week's supply, together with full instructions and a booklet in which some of our most successful boys tell how they work. If you are interested send a line addressed to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

How to Get

Three Shakespearian Classics

FREE

If you do not own a complete Shakespeare, or if you own a set and the Notes are not sufficiently full and clear, if there are no satisfactory Glossaries, no Critical Comments, or no helps to the study of the plays, send your address and six cents in stamps to pay mailing expenses, and we will forward you a handsomely printed booklet containing

"How to Study Shakespeare"
"Why Young Men Should Study Shakespeare"
"Shakespeare, the Man"

The first is by Hamilton Wright Mable, the eminent Shakespearian scholar. The second is by Prof. C. A. Smith, of the University of North Carolina. The third is a brilliant and unique essay by Walter Bagehot. This alone is sold by other publishers at 50 cents a copy. With the booklet we will send a fine portrait of Shakespeare. These essays are of great value to both general readers and students of Shakespeare. We make this offer to enable us to give you some information regarding the **best Shakespeare ever published**, and it is made only to reliable men and women. Send name and address and six cents in stamps to pay mailing expenses.

When writing, mention The Saturday Evening Post.

The University Society (Dept E)
78 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Illustrator
Correspondence School

Poster, Book, News, Caricature and Trade Drawing
Personal Direction of DAN SMITH
Send for Beautifully Illustrated Book
No. 35 W. 21st Street, N. Y. City

PREPARES FOR CORNELL
The University Preparatory School
Boarding and Day Departments
SUMMER TERM opens JULY 16 for 8 weeks
FALL TERM for year 1902-1903 opens SEPT. 30
Eleventh Year. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Ave. E, Ithaca, N.Y.

PRACTICAL DRAWING
Taught by Correspondence
Instruction in Commercial Drawing, Illustrative Drawing, Lettering and Design, General Drawing, Architectural and Mechanical Perspective, Newspaper Drawing, etc. Instruction endorsed by leading authorities. Successful students. PRACTICAL Drawing taught by PRACTICAL methods. Write for further information. School of Applied Art, Box 2539, Battle Creek, Mich.

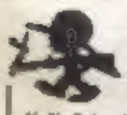
UNIVERSITY TRAINING for Business

Accounting
Banking
Brokerage

School of Commerce Accounts and Finance. Evening Sessions. New York University, Washington Square, N. Y. City.

FALL TERM OPENS OCT. 1.

I want to be a pen and ink artist



If you have a liking or natural talent for drawing, cut this out and mail it with your name and address, and get a free Sample Lesson, circular with terms, etc.

N. Y. School of Caricature, 55 World Bldg., New York City

Notre Dame of Maryland
Conducted by School Sisters of Notre Dame. College for Women and Preparatory School for Girls. Teachers Specialists in every department. Lecturers of national reputation. System of education thorough and progressive. Extensive grounds. Location unsurpassed. Suburb of Baltimore. Spacious buildings, completely equipped. Charles St. Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

STORY-WRITING
and Journalism taught by mail. MSS. criticised, edited, and sold on commission. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how to succeed as writer.

National Press Association, 67 Baldwin Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

TELEGRAPHY
Taught thoroughly. Total Cost, Tuition (telegraphy and typewriting), board and room, 6 months' course, $42. Can be reduced one-half; great demand for operators; school organized 1874. Catalog free. DODGE'S INSTITUTE, Valparaiso, Ind.

THE PIT

(Continued from Page 11)

giving any. Fouled with the clutchings and grapplings of the attack, besmirched with the elbowing of low associates and obscure allies, he set his feet toward conquest, and mingled with the marchings of an army that surged forever forward and back; now in merciless assault, beating the fallen enemy under foot, now in repulse, equally merciless, trampling down the auxiliaries of the day before; always cruel, always selfish, always pitiless.

To contrast these men with such as Corthell was inevitable. She remembered him, to whom the business district was an unexplored country, who kept himself far from the fighting, his hands unstained, his feet unsullied. He passed his life gently, in the calm, still atmosphere of art, in the cult of the beautiful, unperturbed, tranquil; painting, reading, or, piece by piece, developing his beautiful stained glass. Him women could know, with him they could sympathize. Of the two existences which did she prefer, that of the business man, or that of the artist?

Then suddenly Laura surprised herself. After all, she was a daughter of the frontier, and the blood of those who had wrestled with a new world flowed in her body. Yes, Corthell's was a beautiful life. No doubt it all had its place. It fascinated her at times, in spite of herself. To relax the mind, to indulge the senses, to live in an environment of pervading beauty was delightful. But the men to whom the woman in her turned were not those of the studio. Terrible as the Battle of the Street was, it was yet battle. Only the strong and brave might dare it, and the figure that held her sympathy was not the artist, soft of hand and speech, but the fighter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Tyrant and a Lady

(Concluded from Page 9)

downtrodden, to help those who labor for the good of the world, to——" She stopped short, for all at once she remembered—remembered whence his money came. Her face suffused. She turned to the door. Confusion overmastered her for the moment. Then anger at herself possessed her. On what enterprise was she now embarked? Where was her conscience? For what was she doing all this? What was the true meaning of her actions? Had it been to circumvent the Khedive? To prevent him from doing an unjust, a despicable, and a dreadful thing? Was it only to help the Soudan?

It came upon her with embarrassing force. For none of these things was she striving. She was doing all for this man, against whose influence she had labored, whom she had bitterly condemned, and whose fortune she had called blood-money and worse. And now——

She knew the truth, and it filled her heart with joy and also pain. Then she caught at a straw: he was no slave-driver now.

"May I not help you—go with you to England?" he said over her shoulder.

"Like Alexander Selkirk, 'I shall finish my journey alone,'" she said with sudden but imperfectly assumed acerbity.

"Will you not help me, then?" he asked. "We could write a book together."

"Oh, a book!" she said.

"A book of life," he whispered.

"Oh, no, no, no—can't you see?—oh, you are playing me like a ball!"

"Only to catch you," he said in a happier tone.

"To jest, when I am so unhappy!" she murmured.

"My jest is the true word."

She made a last rally. "Your fortune was made out of slave labor."

"I have given up the slaves."

"You have the fortune."

"I will give it all to you—to have your will with it. Now it is won, I would give it up and a hundred times as much to hear you say, 'Come to Skaw Fell again.'"

Did he really mean it? She thought he did. And it seemed the only way out of the difficulty. It broke the *impasse*.

It was not necessary, however, to spend the future in the way first suggested to her mind. They discussed all that at Skaw Fell months later, after Gordon had gone to Egypt.

Human nature is weak and she has become a slave-driver, after all. But he is her only slave, and he hugs his bondage.

(THE END)

Do You Need an Employee?

ALT F. CLARK, President

IF YOU are dissatisfied with your present employee or wish to increase your working force we would like to have you write us. Appreciating employers have been quick to grasp the opportunity of obtaining the services of our graduates. The supply of unexperienced, cheap labor is unlimited, but there is hardly a business house in the country that is not handicapped by the lack of efficient men qualified to fill important positions. The Correspondence Institute of America, Scranton, Pa., trains men and women for just such positions.

Should you be in need of a Newspaper or Magazine Illustrator, Cartoonist, Commercial Artist, Bookkeeper, Office Assistant, Stenographer, Typewriter, Journalist, Newspaper Reporter, Electrician, Advertisement Writer or Advertising Manager, please write to us about it. We will immediately put you in touch with one of our graduates nearest your vicinity. Our Situation Department can furnish specialists in all lines. We make absolutely no charge for our services and do not run an employment agency. Before we recommend a student to a position he must have completed our course and passed a final examination. C. I. of A. graduates are experts—it is impossible for them to graduate until they are. Our students are to-day occupying positions in the best-known business houses in the country.

Any man or woman who has willingly burned the midnight oil in an endeavor to better his or her station in life has enough ambition and serious intention that would make them extremely valuable to an employer. Our graduates are in earnest—they have worked and studied without the personal assistance of a teacher—they can be trusted to fulfil all duties assigned to them in an intelligent manner.

Very likely we have a bright young man or woman right in your locality who could look after your business satisfactorily. Business men who have employed these people are profuse in their praises. Frequently we are unable to supply the demands for our graduates. A large number of students secure positions for themselves before completing their course and are satisfied. If possible, those needing competent assistants should notify us in advance of their wants.

The salary that an employer is willing to pay depends considerably upon himself and the ability of the employee. In our Institute we have no "dollar a day" young men. If cheap help is wanted do not make application here—we furnish or recommend no incompetents.

Letters are received daily from concerns throughout the United States and Canada asking for employees. Business men recognize that our method of instruction cannot help but be of great practical benefit. Employers at large are heartily co-operating with us in increasing the efficiency of the American men and women.

In writing to our Situation Department state whether you desire the services of a male or female, married or unmarried, and the exact amount of salary you wish to pay. Give all the information possible regarding your wishes. If you will do this we can find you a capable and painstaking employee.

Do You Know of a Good Position Open?

If you know of a good position now open and will help one of our graduates to secure it, we will pay you well for your trouble. Whenever you hear of a business man or firm desiring an employee write us the details—if one of our graduates succeeds in securing the position, we will, by return mail, show our appreciation by sending you a check for quite a large amount. You can do this much for deserving men and women and add to your income without interfering with your present occupation.

Our Situation Department receives requests from a large number of employers to supply them with competent assistants. No student is recommended to a position until he has fully completed his course. Out of the hundreds of students who graduate yearly there are but few who actually want positions. The majority have secured positions before completing their course, and a large number commenced a course simply to increase their knowledge without any intention of making a change in their present employment.

Would You Like a Better Position?

We are educating young men and women along certain lines that qualify them to fill better positions. If you are earning less than $13.00 a week we want you to write us. For a limited time only we are offering Tuition Free in the following courses for home study: Bookkeeping, Journalism, Stenography, Illustrating, Caricature, Ad. Writing and Practical Electricity. You pay us no tuition until we secure you a position that you are willing to accept.

The following clipping is being run in all the large publications. This brings us in touch with desirable positions for our students.

Write to-day for a free tuition contract. Be sure and mention the study which interests you.

WANTED We want positions for our graduates. We are placing hundreds of our graduates every year in desirable positions as Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Journalists, Ad. Writers, Electricians, Illustrators and Caricaturists. Business and professional men should write us when they want an employee. Address **Situation Department, Correspondence Institute of America, Box 649, Scranton, Pa.**

Correspondence Institute of America, Box 649, Scranton, Pa.

Don't Take My Word for It

I'm Prejudiced!

I like to do business with hard-headed, cautious, conservative people.

They don't jump at the conclusion that because my advertisements read well my System is necessarily all that I claim for it.

They avail themselves of the facilities I offer for investigation; for obtaining proof of the most convincing kind, and when convinced that my System is better than any other, and infinitely superior to drugs and medicines for building and restoring perfect health, they place themselves in my hands with a confident belief in a successful issue—a hearty determination to second every effort I make in their behalf—that wins half the battle.

My System appeals to sensible people because it is a sensible system. No medicines or drugs, no apparatus, no doctor's bills, no time away from home or work, but just a systematic, natural development of every faculty, every organ, every function, till Nature's normal standard is reached.

I turn ill health into vigor, weakness into strength, lassitude into energy and mental dullness into life and activity.

My System if followed intelligently and faithfully relieves the system of poisons and impurities by producing healthy digestion and assimilation; revitalizes the exhausted nerves; sends rich, red blood tingling to every extremity; puts sound muscle where muscle is needed; removes fat; gives erectness of carriage and springiness and grace to the walk; stimulates and builds up the tired brain; paints the cheek with the flush of robust health; builds up under-developed and undeveloped parts, and, in fact, fits man, woman or child to Nature's perfect mold.

I can do all this for you as I have done for hundreds—yes, thousands of others, because my System is Nature's system—these results are as natural and inevitable as the cycle of the planets.

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My System is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

Nothing I can say in proof of all this is one-half so convincing as the unprejudiced testimony of men and women who have nothing to gain, everything to lose, by deception, whose reputations are beyond the shadow of suspicion.

If you will send me your name and address I shall be pleased to mail you, free, valuable information and detailed outline of my System, its principles and effects, and will not only send you testimonial letters from pupils, but I will also pay the postage both for inquiry and reply so that you will not be at a cent of expense to convince yourself that the Swoboda System is a successful system.

From Canada to Florida

OTTAWA, CANADA, Feb. 21, 1902.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, ESQ., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—I began taking your physical exercises about four months ago and the benefit I have received from them is simply wonderful. I can truthfully say that I am a new man in every respect, due entirely to carrying out systematically the various exercises you from time to time sent me. When I commenced your exercises my muscles were flabby and the least exercise tired me; but this has entirely disappeared and my muscles to-day are as hard as steel and I can take exercise which was before entirely beyond me. I would specially recommend all office workers to take a course of your physical exercises and I can quite readily say that they will find that the investment will bring them in grand returns. I intend keeping them up and from time to time will acquaint you with my progress. You are at liberty to refer any one to me and I will be pleased to write them of the great benefit I have received from your treatment, of which I can only speak in the highest terms. Believe me, Very truly yours, W. H. A. FRASER,
of Fraser & Co., Lumber Merchants.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Aug. 22, 1901.

MR. ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—After having taken your course of exercises for three months, I feel that I have given it a thorough trial and am frank in saying that it has benefited me more than I expected. Inasmuch as my duties as manager of a lumber manufacturing plant give me a great opportunity for exercise, I did not look for any decided increase in my measurements, but your exercises have hardened my muscles, regulated my general physical condition and made it possible for me to keep in good health without taking calomel and quinine. I feel sure that your system is the simplest one for a person who wishes to take regular exercise and I wish you the success you deserve with it.

Very truly, A. G. CUMMER,
of Cummer Lumber Co.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 548 Unity, Chicago